THE LIVING AGE.

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THE SEER.

"Churches are best for prayer that have least light."

I.

Brother Andreas in the convent dwelt,
As flesh may dwell among the souls set free.
For there the stately Prior in zeal must melt,
The dullest novice had the eyes that see.
And, when the choir with mystic light would glow,
Or, near as touch, the blessed forms would glide,—
"Seest thou not *now*?" his neighbors whispered low;
"Pray for me! Pray!" his weary voice replied.

II.

What time they gathered faggots in the brake,
He guessed what visions led them through the trees.
And, when they cast their nets upon the lake,
What unseen Presence sent them to their knees.
"Yet grieve not, Brother, for thy lack of grace!
God for a little from thee hides His smile!"
Andreas answered, with averted face:—
"I know, indeed, 'tis but a little while!"

III.

So, to the last, they held him deaf and blind,
Whose soul was sated with the Mystic Flame,
Who sought, ere death, to hide among his kind
The Light from which those vagrant shadows came. . . .
God's seer must claim one twilit holiday
That faith may win her spurs and find her wings!
Now sleeps his clay upon the kindred clay;
And all the Brethren dream of common things.

G. M. Hort.

The Nation.

THE BLEEDING HEART.

(*After Hafiz.*)

Love's hidden pearl is shining yet,
And Love's sealed casket bears the same device
As it bore of old;
The tears with which mine eyes are wet
Roll as yesterday they rolled,
Roll as they shall roll to-morrow,
Fraught with blood of sacrifice,
From the same fountain of eternal sorrow.

Ah, could my heart but speak,
Or thou divine
What Passion-flower is this
That lent its color to those lips of thine;
What Ruby blushes o'er thy lovely cheek,
Dreaming of the sun's warm kiss
In the darkness of the mine!
Ah, could my heart but speak,
Or thou divine!

R. A. Nicholson.

The Athenæum.

TO SESTIUS.

Down the dry sands they draw the ship with cables;
The orchards gather bloom; no rime-frost white
Is iris'd in the fields in morning light;
The oxen and their herd have left the stables,
All is renewed; but Death, the Shades and Fables
Impend. On thee, the hour will come, I know,
Where in the banquet, never lucky throw
Will crown thee with the kingdom of the tables.

Brief is our time, O Sestius; take and seize
Its blossom, ere old age has mined our knees.
No spring-tide stirs the shadowy waste below.
Ah, come then, sacrifice, while brakes are green,
To Faunus, in his fastnesses unseen,
A black-haired goat, a lamb with fleece of snow.

M. Jourdain.

The Academy.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JOURNALS.

Some Unpublished Extracts.

A Lecture by Lord Esher.

The Friday evening lecture at the Royal Institution March 5th was delivered by Lord Esher. His subject was "Queen Victoria," and in the course of his lecture he gave, by permission of the King, who is the patron of the institution, a number of hitherto unpublished extracts from Queen Victoria's journals. Sir James Crichton-Browne was in the chair, and the audience included Sir William Crookes, Sir Thomas Barlow, Sir James Dewar, Sir Fleetwood Edwards, Sir Henry Cunynghame, Sir John Thornycroft, Mr. Justice Hamilton, Mr. A. Siemens, Mr. Roger Wallace, and Mr. Whitaker Thompson.

The following is the complete text of Lord Esher's lecture:—

It has been said that the characteristic of English Monarchy is that it retains the feelings by which the heroic Kings governed their rude age, and has added the feelings by which the Constitutions of later Greece ruled in more refined ages. Possibly this idea might have been expressed in more elegant language, but the idea itself is sound and true. Our system of government—Constitutional Monarchy—is a happy blending of the personal influence of an hereditary rule with the organized expression of popular opinion. The will of the majority is the decisive factor, but it is subject to the indirect guidance of a monarchical sentiment acting and re-acting through the person of the Sovereign.

Few things are more difficult to explain than the precise value and force of the influence of the Crown in public affairs. Perhaps there is no advantage in trying to elucidate the mystery, for it is to an atmosphere of mystery, to the unrent veil between the Crown and the People, that the influence of the Sovereign upon national policy is largely due. I am not generalizing, but am speaking of England—of our country—and of the times in which we are living. It is a fact that thoughtful men did not always look with favor upon the mystery of which I have spoken. Mr. Fox declaimed against the hidden influence of George III., as the undetected agency of "an infernal spirit." Later on, however, a great change occurred, and 40 years ago wise and liberal-minded politicians were in the habit of saying with reverence, "We shall never know, but when history is written, our children may know what we owe to the Queen and Prince Albert." This attitude of faith towards the beneficent influence of the Sovereign power was a new thing, unregarded by the statesmen of the House of Hanover. History, as the secrets of the past three decades slowly leak out in memoirs and correspondence, has revealed this Royal influence working backwards and forwards, like a shuttle, through the slowly forming web of our political fabric, undetected at the time, but largely responsible for the harmonious coloring of the whole. The published correspondence of Queen Victoria has carried onward the curious story a further stage. No one can read the volumes printed last year, by leave of the King, and fail to perceive that men 40 years ago were right, and that the nation owes a heavy debt of gratitude to the Queen and Prince Albert. I approach the consideration of these volumes with much diffidence.

The Atmosphere of Historical Works.

It has always appeared to me that the true significance of any historical

work is to be found in what—for want of a better designation—must be called atmosphere. Few have been able to create it. The most famous prose writer of ancient Greece, with light touches, and in half-a-dozen lines, carries the reader straight into the palaestra at Athens and you seem to feel the hot summer sun beating down upon the playgrounds, and can see the teachers seated on the low benches, and the white-robed scholars grouped round them. The greatest of English poets has made the Forest of Arden as real to us as the Forest of Windsor—and to many men, as to the first Duke of Marlborough, the only history that is really alive is Shakespeare's. Dumas the Elder and Sir Walter Scott possessed this magical gift, while among living Englishmen, if a master-writer of history has been lost in George Meredith, perhaps lovers of literature have been the gainers because he chose another field. These supreme artists, as I have said, could create atmosphere, and the mere mention of their names shows the hopelessness of the task before me.

I shall, however, make no serious attempt, for by the gracious leave of his Majesty the King I am enabled to quote certain passages from the unpublished journals of the Queen which will create for us that atmosphere which, as I have said, is so essential to the true understanding of character and of events. Before proceeding further I should like to state concisely the questions which readers of the correspondence of Queen Victoria should set before themselves, and seek to answer:—What do we owe to Queen Victoria? What was the secret of her influence? What will be her place in history? I cannot pretend to answer them, but we can perhaps proceed some little way together along the path which leads to their ultimate solution.

The Beginning of the Journals.

On the day, the 24th of May, 1832, that the little Princess Victoria was thirteen years old, her life, as described by herself, began. As described by herself, because on that day her mother gave the child a small octavo volume, half-bound in red morocco, with the words "Princess Victoria" stamped on the side. The first entry is as follows:—

This book Mama gave me, that I might write the journal of my journey to Wales in it.

Victoria.

From this time forward, in volumes which, as the years rolled on, varied much in shape, but were uniform in so far as the pages were invariably plain and unruled, the Princess and Queen wrote the account of every day until within a few weeks of her death. Of the Queen's journals there are altogether over 100 volumes, all closely written in her small running hand. The last entry is dictated and dated the 12th of January, and the Queen died on the 22nd of January, 1901. When Louis XIII of France was born the medical attendant of Queen Marie of Medicis began to keep a journal, in which he recorded day by day for years—until, indeed, the hour of the King's death—his master's life. That journal, the most minute I know of, is a poor and meagre record compared with the journals of Queen Victoria.

Perhaps it is well here to mention that these journals will never be seen hereafter in their entirety. By the Queen's express wish they have been carefully examined by her youngest daughter, who with infinite labor has copied in her own hand many volumes of them, excising the passages which the Queen desired should not be seen by any eye but hers. Still, when this pious work is complete, the story of a Royal and noble life will be without

any parallel. All the earlier journals, certainly up to the date of the Queen's marriage, and during that year she began her 24th volume, are untouched, and remain in her own handwriting.

Imagine the small fair child, fatherless and companionless, except for her devoted mother, and her "Faithful Lehzen" as she always called the lady who watched over her youth, sitting at the window of a rather plain room in Kensington Palace, on those June days of 1832. The echoes of the great Reform controversy raging out-of-doors failed to penetrate those quiet precincts as she wrote her first entries in these journals.

A Day of Her Life.

Here is the account she gives of a day of her life. As I have said, I am allowed to quote by permission of his Gracious Majesty the King:—

Thursday, 21st February, 1833.—I awoke at 7 and got up at 8. At 9 we breakfasted. At ½ past 9 came the Dean till ½ past 11. At 10 minutes to 12 we went to pay a visit to Aunt Gloucester. At ½ past 1 we lunched. At 2 came the Duchess of Northumberland. At 3 came Mr. Steward till 4. At 4 came Mad. Bourdin till ½ past 4. At 7 we dined. At 9 we went to the play at Drury Lane, with Jane, Victoire and Lehzen as usual. It was *The Sleeping Beauty* or *La Belle au Bois Dormant*, for we came at the end of *Don Juan*. The Sleeping Beauty is a very pretty ballet, in three acts, but it would take me too much time to enumerate. The principal characters were, Princess Iseult, Mdlle. Duvernay, who is a very nice person; she has a very fine figure and dances beautifully, so quietly and so gracefully, somewhat in the style of Taglioni. She appeared in three different dresses, but in my opinion she looked best when she danced in the Dance of the NAIADES as the Spirit of the Princess. We came home at 1. I was soon in bed and asleep.

The writer was thirteen and a half years old. For five years this daily record continues, and we have a simple and extraordinary graphic picture of a young girl, whose high destiny was but half revealed to her, enjoying the theatre and fine music with passion, galloping about on her pony, reading history with the Dean of Chester, washing her pet dog, and making short abstracts of the sermon on Sunday.

Another Passage.

Here is another typical passage:—

Tuesday, 14th July, 1835.—I awoke at 7 and got up at 8. At 9 we breakfasted. At ½ past 9 we walked out till a ¼ past 10. At 11 came the Dean till 12. At 12 came Mr. Westall till 1. At 1 we lunched. The Duchess of Northumberland was present at the first lesson. At ½ past 2, I sat to Mr. Collen till ½ past 3. At a ¼ to 4 came the Dean, till ¼ past 4. At 5 we went out with Lehzen and came home at 6. At ¼ to 7 we dined. Lady Theresa dined here. At 8 we went to the opera with Lady Theresa and Lehzen. It was the *dear Puritani*. Grisi was in perfect voice and sang and acted *beautifully;* but I must say, that she shows her many fatigues in her face, and she is certainly much thinner than when she arrived. It is a great pity, too, that she now wears her front hair so much lower than she did. It is no improvement to her appearance, though (do what she may) *spoil* her face she *never* can, it is too lovely for that. And besides, she forgot to change her dress when she came on to sing the Polacca. In general she comes on to sing that, as a bride, attired in a white satin dress with a wreath of white roses round her head; instead of which, she remained in her first dress (likewise very pretty) of blue satin with a little sort of handkerchief at the back of her head. Lablache, Tamburini and Rubini were also all 3 in high good voice. The exquisite quartet "A te o cara," and the *lovely* Polacca "son vergin vezzosa," were both enchored as was also the *splendid* duet "Il rival." After the opera was

over, Grisi, Rubini, Lablache and Tamburini, came out and were loudly applauded. The two last always make a separate bow to our box, which is very amusing to see. We came away immediately after the Opera was over, for the ballet is not worth seeing since La Déesse de la Danse has flown back to Paris again. She appeared for the last time on Saturday, the 4th of this month. We came home at 10 minutes to 12. I was *highly amused* and *pleased!* We came in while Tamburini was singing his song, which is just before the lovely duet between Grisi and Lablache.

THE GIRL QUEEN.

Then suddenly, this young girl was awakened out of sleep, and found an Archbishop kneeling at her slippered feet, acclaiming her Queen. The passage is well known, and is published in the correspondence:—

I was awoke at 6 o'clock by Mama, who told me that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were here and wished to see me. I got out of bed, and went into my sitting room (only in my dressing gown) and alone, and saw them.

A few lines further on she writes:—

Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty towards my country; I am very young, and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real good will and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have.

Then again, writing the account of this, to her, most wonderful day, she says:—

At 9 came Lord Melbourne, whom I saw in my room, and of course quite alone, as I shall always do all my Ministers. He kissed my hand, and I then acquainted him that it had long been my intention to retain him and the rest of the present Ministry at the head of affairs, and that it could not be in better hands than his. He again then kissed my hand.

The Queen was 18 years and three weeks old. There had been potent forces at work moulding her character, and preparing her for this supreme moment. Three weeks before she writes in her unpublished journal:—

Wednesday, 24th May.—To-day is my 18th birthday! How old! and yet how far am I from being what I should be. I shall from this day take the *firm* resolution to study with renewed assiduity, to keep my attention always well fixed on whatever I am about, and to strive to become every day less trifling and more fit for what, if Heaven wills it, I'm some day to be!

Here is another extract:—

Thursday, 15th June.—Got up at 8. After 9 we breakfasted. The children played in the room. At 10 Mary, dear Lehzen and I drove out and came home at 10 minutes to 11. *Wrote! !* The news of the King are so very bad, that all my lessons save the Dean's are put off, including Lablache's, Mrs. Anderson's, Guazzaroni's, etc., etc., and we see *nobody*. I regret rather my singing-lesson, though it is only for a short period, but duty and *proper feeling* go before all *pleasures*. 10 minutes to 1.

I just hear that the Doctors think my poor Uncle the King cannot last more than 48 hours! Poor man! he was always kind to me, and he *meant* it well. I know; I am grateful for it, and shall ever remember his kindness with gratitude. He was odd, very odd and singular, but his intentions were often ill interpreted.

Wrote my journal. At about ¼ past 2 came Lord Liverpool and I had a highly important conversation with him—alone.

And yet another.

Friday, 16th June.—Wrote to Uncle Leopold. At a ¼ to 2 came Stockmar and stayed till 3. Had a long and important conversation with him.

Her Uncle Leopold of Belgium and his trusted emissary Stockmar had spoken very privately, but very gravely to her, and with due subservience to the Powers of Heaven, but to none other, she was ready to take up the burden of Kingship, and with *her* Ministers to govern *her* Kingdom.

After her Accession.

Two days after her Accession the journals strike a more girlish note:—

Saturday, 24th June.—Saw Lord John Russell. *Wrote.* I really have immensely to do; I receive so many communications from my Ministers but I like it very much.

Three days later the young Queen writes with evident and confirmed delight:—

Tuesday, 27 June.—Got up at ½ past 8. At ¼ to 10 we breakfasted. The children played in the room. Wrote my journal. At about 20 minutes past 11 came Lord Melbourne and stayed till ½ past 12.

A little after ½ past 12 came Lord Palmerston and stayed till a little past 1. He is a clever and agreeable man. Saw Lord John Russell and Lord Melbourne for a minute. At a few minutes past 2 I went down into the saloon with Lady Lansdowne; Col. Cavendish, the Vice-Chamberlain (Lord Charles Fitzroy), and the Comptroller of the Household (Mr. Byng) were in waiting. Lord Melbourne then came in and announced that the addresses from the House of Commons were ready to come in. They were read by Lord John Russell and I read an answer to them both. Lord Melbourne stood on my left hand and Lady Lansdowne behind me. Most of the Privy Counsellors of the House of Commons were present. After this Lord Palmerston brought in the Earl of Durham, who is just returned from St. Petersburg. I conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Bath. I knighted him with the Sword of State which is so enormously heavy that Lord Melbourne was obliged to hold it for me, and I only inclined it. I then put the Ribbon over his shoulder. After this the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers were severally introduced to me by Lord Palmerston. I then went upstairs and gave audiences to the Earl of Mulgrave and to the Earl of Durham. The latter gave a long account of Russia.

Did various things. Saw Stockmar. As I did not feel well I did not come down to dinner, but dined upstairs. I went down after dinner. Stayed up till 10. I wore the blue Ribbon and Star of the Garter in the afternoon.

"Sovereign of These Realms."

In this land, and keeping the doctrines of the Revolution of 1688, and the Act of Settlement in remembrance, we may be sure that the young Queen had no illusions about "Divine right" to rule, but it is clear at this time that she was conscious of a wonderful and mysterious duty which had been imposed upon her by Divine Providence, and this conscientious obligation remained in her mind all her days. Dogma had but little place in her inner life, but her character and conduct as Sovereign and woman were influenced by deep religious conviction of the sacredness of her calling. She believed and acted upon the belief that her country was governed under the form of a Monarchy, of which she was not only the spiritual and temporal head, but the appointed guardian, and through all her actions this predominant note can be traced. Mr. Canning was in the habit of saying that the British Constitution was a Monarchy checked by two Assemblies, one hereditary, independent alike of Crown and people; the other elective, springing from the people; "but," he said, "there are some who argue as if it were originally a democracy, merely inlaid with a peerage and a Crown."

Queen Victoria had no doubts and no misgivings about the matter. Through the close-written volumes of journals to which I have alluded there can be traced this firm conviction, unchal-

lenged, as it seemed to her, that it was *her* duty and function to choose the best men to govern her country and her people, and to watch carefully lest in foreign affairs or domestic politics, or in administration or in legislature, or in the choice of instruments, her Ministers—as she deemed them—should betray her confidence or swerve from the paths of their predecessors. She laid strong stress on precedent, and although she rarely expressed views on domestic affairs, she believed herself to be responsible for continuity in the forms of government and for stability in foreign policy.

There are in the Archives at Windsor, of which I have charge, 1,050 volumes of papers, the correspondence of Queen Victoria, bound in large folio volumes, and there will be another 200 volumes to be added when the arrangement of these papers is complete. Through them all, from the earliest letters to and from Lord Melbourne, some of which have been included in the book published last year, to the last letters to and from Lord Salisbury, there appears the sentiment and convictions I have described. The Queen, with unconscious heroism, not only was always herself, but thoroughly believed in herself, as Sovereign of these Realms. From the passages I have quoted it can be seen how thoroughly, as a young girl—almost a child—she "took herself seriously," to use a homely phrase, and her point of view never changed as time rolled on. On the very day of her Accession, and ever afterwards, she never seemed to doubt that the country was *hers*, that the Ministers were her Ministers, and that the people were *her* people. Ministers and Parliaments existed to assist *her* to govern. She was the Ruler of her Kingdom, and the Crown was, in her eyes, not the coping-stone of the fabric, but the foundation upon which the fabric rested.

This outlook, with its pathetic earnestness, and at times almost tragic persistence, was the source of the Queen's influence, and sometimes the cause of her few mistakes. It helped her to safeguard the regal tradition, and it enhanced in her eyes the virtue of precedent. She became cautious in the selection of confidants, and wary in granting assent. She wished to know everything that her Ministers proposed to do in good time, so that she might consider before approving. She became insatiable for detail. In foreign affairs and whenever interests affecting the Navy or the Army were under discussion she expected to be consulted, and indeed insisted upon it. The Prince Consort, with that intense earnestness that breathed through every fibre of his nature, became her willing partner and helpmate. Undoubtedly to the influence of Baron Stockmar, who had been the travelling companion of Prince Albert, and who showed himself to be a profound student of English social and political life, can be traced these convictions, so strongly held by the Queen and by the Prince.

King Leopold and Stockmar, and the Prince Consort later, and the Queen apparently always, believed that control and independent criticism by the Crown was the most effective check upon the danger which besets Constitutional Monarchies of leaving the administration of State affairs in the hands of specialists. From the critical zeal of the Queen and of the Prince Ministers occasionally suffered inconvenience, but, as these volumes, I think, show, the country derived nothing but benefit. And if this is true, it is a lesson for all time, both for Sovereigns and for public servants.

The Bedchamber Plot.

The correspondence of Queen Victoria illustrates in a striking manner the working of our curious system of con-

stitutional checks and balances. After the death of Mr. Pitt in 1806 it is well known that the power and influence of the Crown began to decline, and when the Queen came to the Throne in 1837 no one could have realized that within two years Sir Robert Peel of all men, a spirit so proud and cold, would find himself saying to a young girl not yet 20 years old, "that he had consulted with those who were to have been his colleagues, and that they agreed . . . that unless there was *some* demonstration" of confidence, they could not undertake to govern the country. This Queen was a mere child, and these were grave men. Imagine the irony of the situation; and yet it is a material factor in the history of our country. The Queen in later years used to speak of the episode of 1839, the Bedchamber Plot, as was called her well-known refusal to part with her Whig ladies, when Sir Robert Peel tried to form a Tory Government, and she used to say that although she knew she had acted wrongly, she had never been able to determine what, under the circumstances, would have been the right course to take. The Queen's action, the action of this young girl, resulted in the return of Lord Melbourne to office, so curiously was the power of the Crown directly and effectively exercised by a youthful and female Sovereign. Possibly her youth and sex accounted somewhat for the result.

Here is the Queen's description of the matter:—

When to my utter astonishment he asked me to change my Ladies—my principal Ladies!—this I of course refused; and he upon *this resigned*, saying, as he felt he should be beat the very first night upon the Speaker, and having to begin with a minority, that unless he had this demonstration of my confidence he could not go on! You will easily imagine that I firmly resisted this attack upon my power, from these people who pride themselves upon upholding the prerogative! I acted quite alone, but I have been, and shall be, supported by my country. . . .

The Queen's Courage and Confidence.

The point which I wish particularly to bring out is that the Crown exercised in this case real power by direct action, although in later years the Queen realized, with profounder wisdom and after a long experience, that the real power of the Crown lies along the path of influence and not of direct action. But perhaps the most striking and abiding interest is the light which is thrown upon the character of the Queen herself. Already she had learnt the use of the words "power" and "prerogative." She shows courage and confidence, courage to "act quite alone" and "confidence in my country." These two qualities of courage and confidence never deserted her through the long years that followed.

In the dismal Crimean winter of 1854, in the terrible summer of 1857, amid the horrors of the Mutiny, in the dark days of 1900, amid the losses of brave troops, her high spirit was unshaken and her confidence undimmed. Others quailed, but the Queen never. She scouted the idea of failure. "All will come right!" was her constant cry. There was nothing fatalistic about her optimism. It was based on profound faith in the reasonableness and endurance of the English people—characteristics which she shared with those Puritan classes whom she so thoroughly understood and who never once misunderstood her.

The Influence of the Crown.

Let us return for a moment to the influence of the Crown upon English politics. The character of the Queen is a factor of the greatest importance if the contention is sound that it was

her influence, rather than her direct action, as Sovereign which revived the interest of the British people in monarchical institutions and in a certain degree remoulded the Constitution. "In England the Constitution changes incessantly; or rather, it does not exist." That was the view of an eminent French writer, often quoted, and in the hundred years which elapsed between the accession of the Queen's grandfather, George III., and the death of the Prince Consort, a student of constitutional history can trace at least three different systems of government. George III. during his healthy and vigorous manhood reigned and governed. After the death of Mr. Pitt the Government passed under the control of an oligarchy, and neither George IV. nor William IV. exercised much direct or indirect power.

But I think the correspondence shows that from the moment Queen Victoria ascended the Throne a change began, and the indirect power of the Crown, with the assistance of King Leopold and Stockmar, and finally of the Prince Consort, was strengthened year by year, until publicists came to believe that what was in reality the outcome of unique circumstances, and moral conditions dependent mainly upon the sex and characteristics of the Queen, was inherent in the Constitution itself. It was Mr. Gladstone who pointed out how considerable in amount was "the aggregate of direct influence normally exercised by the Sovereign upon the counsels and proceedings of her Ministers." He was alluding to the direct influence of the Queen, and not to her indirect influence, which he well knew was greater still.

Mr. Gladstone's language, according to his habit, was guarded, but he was making no reluctant admission. Although during his long public life, especially in later years, he was often impeded, and, he may have sometimes thought, harassed, by the desire of the Sovereign to know and to question, he was to the end of his days fully alive to the valuable influence of the Crown in public affairs, and always anxious to safeguard the prerogatives of the Sovereign. "In office or in Opposition," says his biographer, "he lost no opportunity of standing forth between the Throne and even a faint shadow of popular or Parliamentary discontent." Nor, it may be added, did he hesitate to appeal for support, as in the case of Irish Disestablishment, to the influence of the Queen; nor, as in the case of the abolition of purchase in the Army, did he shrink from advising the use of her prerogative.

Mr. Gladstone and the Queen.

If Mr. Gladstone, with his popular sympathies, his masterful disposition, and his wide experience of public affairs, considered it one of his special duties as Prime Minister, as distinguished from his Cabinet, to watch and guard the relations between the Crown and the people of this country, it can only have been because he was keenly alive to the value of the Crown to the country. If, as has been said, he stood in awe of the Crown as an institution and if his standard for the individual who represented it was exacting, it could only have been because he shared the Queen's fervent belief in the essential good which the Throne and the occupant of it could exercise in the interests of the people. I do not choose Lord Melbourne to bear witness to the character of Queen Victoria, or to the uses of the Crown, for Lord Melbourne was too much under the charm of the young girl, whose early steps, she herself has told us, he guided, and whom he cherished, if the word is permissible, as a father might a daughter. He could never quite forget the figure of the girl-Queen, stepping, as it were,

from innocent sleep, with bare feet and dazzled eyes, upon the slippery steps of her Throne.

I do not choose Lord Beaconsfield, for just as the imagination of the author of "A letter on a Regicide Peace" was inflamed by a glimpse of the French Queen at Versailles, so was the imagination of the author of "Tancred' fired in 1877 by the Empress-Queen, of whom forty years before he had written—"We will acknowledge the Empress of India as our Suzerain, and secure for her the Levantine Coast. If she like, she shall have Alexandria as she now has Malta; it could be arranged. Your Queen is young; she has an *avenir*." Never was there a more curious example of a statesman who "wrought in brave old age what youth had planned." I choose Mr. Gladstone because he was a Minister of the Crown three years before Queen Victoria ascended the Throne, and his death preceded hers by less than three years; because his long life coincided with hers, and because, as is well known, there was no great sympathy at any time between what has been so deftly called the Queen's fixity of nature and Mr. Gladstone's eager, mobile, versatile range.

On one occasion, at the most tragic moment of the Queen's life, in December, 1861, it is true that for a short while these two unsympathetic temperaments came into close harmony.

Of the vast number of letters of condolence received by the Queen on the death of the Prince, all of which were carefully preserved, she must have conceived some preference for Mr. Gladstone's, as it is noteworthy that he was the only writer who received a reply begging him to write again. But this was a mere flash. If Mr. Gladstone idealized the Throne as an institution, and if he recognized the Queen's sincerity, frankness, and love of truth, his judgment may be accepted as unswayed by intimate association with the Sovereign. If he spared neither time nor toil in endeavors to explain his policy and actions to the Queen, it was not from motives of personal devotion, so much as because he felt deeply, to use his own words, that those responsible for decisions of State "should make it their business to inform and persuade the Sovereign, not to overrule him."

The Throne as an Institution.

If Mr. Gladstone's masterful nature, charged with popular sympathies, thought it worth while to give time and toil to the task of informing and persuading the Sovereign, it could only have been from a strong sense of the value to the people of this country of the Throne as an institution. His biographer suggests that Mr. Gladstone was deeply moved by his sense of chivalry and his sense of an august tradition, and I would not venture to disagree, but I feel confident that Mr. Gladstone was also largely influenced by his long Ministerial experience and his intimate knowledge of the inner working of the Constitution. If that is true, and if Mr. Gladstone's formed judgment was based on fact and experience, it is justified by much of what has been revealed in the published correspondence of Queen Victoria.

But there is even stronger proof at present unrevealed, for it was after 1861, when the published correspondence closes, that owing to the responsibilities of high office and personal intercourse, he obtained a deeper knowledge of the inner workings of the Monarchical system under our institutions, and a firmer basis for his reasoned opinions. The story, however, as it is unfolded to the reader of the Queen's Letters, illustrated clearly Mr. Gladstone's so-called "idealism," and explains his point of view. Only a very few instances can be quoted.

These do not show—and this is a cardinal point—initiation by the Sovereign of foreign policy, or attempts to divert into some special political channel the course of public events. There are no signs of doctrinaire statecraft, or claims to authority or privilege. They do, however, illustrate, in clear and unmistakable fashion, the most important attributes, the retarding and arresting action of the Crown.

As I have said, the Queen very rarely took what is called political initiative. That function, so clearly Ministerial, was as a rule left scrupulously alone, although in the free domain of science and art the Prince Consort showed a stimulating zeal and a marked capacity for originating new departures. The first of the great series of International Exhibitions was promoted by him, and the success achieved was mainly due to his persistence and .unwearied activity of mind and body. But if the Queen rarely initiated a policy, she could be pertinacious and consistent. Many times during her long reign she encouraged the flagging energies of her Ministers, and urged them to be consistent in their aims and to show firmness in carrying out a policy to which they had committed the nation.

The Queen's Exercise of Patronage.

In another important sphere of government she showed unremitting care. She scrutinized the exercise of patronage by public servants, and no appointment of serious importance, whether ecclesiastical, naval, military, or civil, could be made unchallenged by and unexplained to the Sovereign. The comparative inaccessibility of the Crown to ordinary influence was realized by the Queen, and her letters, full of heart-searching upon these matters of patronage, show how keenly alive she was to the nature of the trust she believed herself to hold for her people. Every appointment had to be explained and justified, sometimes at considerable length and in minute detail, by the Minister recommending it.

The Queen rarely approved a "submission" unless the reasons were fully stated, and often they had to be restated, and oftener supplemented, in consequence of queries from the Palace. In September, 1841, when the Queen was only two and twenty years old, she is found suggesting to Sir Robert Peel, that

> for the future it would be best in all appointments of importance that before a direct communication was entered into with the individual intended to be proposed, The Queen should be informed of it, so that she might talk to her Ministers fully about it;

and she tells Sir Robert that "she feels it her duty to state freely and at all times her opinion," and begs him to do the same. It is clear that, young as she was, the Queen's expression of opinion was welcomed by Peel and Melbourne, as a support against pretensions which they found difficult to resist, but it is also clearer that they both welcomed the clarifying process of having to explain and argue the claims of candidates for high appointments before so unbiassed a tribunal. In the process the patience of a Minister may often have been tried, but the value to the service of the people, of a system which rendered jobbery difficult and imposture unlikely, cannot well be over-estimated.

The advice of King Leopold to the Queen on her accession had been never to decide a question of importance on the day when it was submitted to her. He, wise ruler as he was, had made it a practice not to let any question be forced upon him for immediate decision. Even, he writes to the Queen, when he was disposed to accede he always kept the papers with him some

while before he returned them. He urged her to get every proposal laid before her in writing, though it had been made in the first instance verbally by a Minister.

This golden rule, reiterated by Stockmar and enforced by the Prince Consort, was invariably adhered to by Queen Victoria to the end of her life, and we may safely attribute to the habit thus formed the avoidance of many mistakes, not only by her, but by her Ministers. In the year 1841, a year of momentous change for the Queen, when she lost Lord Melbourne, her first Prime Minister, we find him, after his resignation, urging Sir Robert Peel to write fully to her Majesty, and elementarily; and he again lays stress on the necessity for caution in giving verbal decisions. It was similar advice to that offered by King Leopold, but from a wholly different quarter, not from the point of view of a Monarch, but of a Minister. The underlying reason was the same. It was to ensure the clarifying process, and the avoidance of avoidable error by Minister and Sovereign.

Correspondence with Prime Ministers.

If the remarkable correspondence between Lord Beaconsfield and the Queen is ever published, nothing will be found to be more striking than the minute care with which he, notwithstanding his perspicacity and infinite resource, reasoned and debated in daily letters and memoranda the successive stages of his foreign policy. No one can read those documents without conviction that they were written quite as much for his own enlightenment as for that of the Sovereign. Mr. Gladstone paid even a higher tribute to the value of this invaluable function of the Crown by the care he bestowed upon the letters written to the Queen, when he was almost overwhelmed by the pressure of a controversy such as that which raged over the Disestablishment of the Irish Church.

Every reader of the correspondence will, I think, be even more forcibly struck by the effect of this process in the higher sphere of foreign politics, where the interests of the country were vitally concerned, as exemplified in the long and grave disputes between the Crown, Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell. It would be wearisome to unravel once more these old controversies, even if anything was to be gained by attempting to decide upon their merits. It is sometimes asserted that the Queen never carried her point, and that she invariably in the end had to give way. Even if this were true it would be a misleading statement—if the deduction is that the remonstrance was in vain and the time wasted. The discussion was the important thing—discussion in an atmosphere free from political dust-clouds, whichever way the issue was decided.

Readers of the correspondence cannot fail to notice a certain aristocratic showiness—I was about to say vulgarity—about Lord Palmerston's methods, which in those days captivated his fellow-countrymen. But they lowered him and the cause of freedom which he finely represented in the eyes of even his well-wishers abroad. Often the tone of his despatches was softened by the suggestions of the Queen and of the Prince. It was not the advice he gave, in his haughty way, to foreign Governments that moderate men objected to, but his mode of giving it. If the Queen disliked his diplomatic style, she objected more to his studied withdrawal from her on certain occasions of a privilege highly prized—her right to see despatches on foreign policy before they were sent abroad.

To read despatches was no perfunctory duty for the Sovereign. It has

seemed absurd to superficial observers that venerable statesmen of the highest ability—Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Lord Aberdeen—should have been constrained to submit grave State papers upon highly technical matters to a young Sovereign and her husband for criticism and approval. These harassed statesmen, perhaps momentarily irritated, may not have realized so fully as we realize now the importance which attached to a system which, by an indirect and circuitous method, enforced reconsideration rather than control, and obtained an appeal from the Foreign Secretary to the Prime Minister. Every one knows that in theory this check is ever present in a Cabinet. In practice, however, it very frequently lapses or is evaded.

To consult the Prime Minister before sending a despatch which might have determined the policy of the country was, in practice, at the option of the Foreign Secretary. Lord Palmerston sometimes consulted Lord John Russell, oftener he did not. But, oftener still, the Prime Minister, worried by duties of Cabinet management, did not apply his mind except perfunctorily to what was primarily the business of a colleague. The useful clash of different minds upon affairs of capital importance was tacitly avoided, and consequently lost. It was in these cases, and they are many, when either from the Prime Minister's absorption in other work, or from his failure to grasp at hasty sight the full meaning of Lord Palmerston's phraseology, that the criticism or remonstrance of the Sovereign led almost always to reconsideration and almost invariably to amendment.

The Principle of Cabinet Responsibility.

The value, the inestimable value, of the delay imposed by the Crown was not to obtain sanction for the view the Sovereign happened to express—that was not the vital issue—but to get the intellect of another statesman of first rank, and often of the whole Cabinet, applied to a problem which could not safely be left to be solved by a single mind.

There are many illustrations of this thesis scattered through the volumes of the Queen's Letters, not only in relation to foreign, but to domestic affairs. In every case the Sovereign was triumphant, if triumph is measured not by the ultimate issue, but by the vindication of this sound principle—that the act of a single Minister should not be allowed to commit the country to a vital policy without the conscious and reasoned adherence of his colleagues in the Cabinet. The ultimate decision was a minor consideration, compared with the principle of Cabinet responsibility as against individual Ministerial action.

For this the Queen fought steadily all her life. So watchful was she, that often we find her calling the attention of the Prime Minister of the day, not to the action, but to the speech of some colleague, who, in her view, appeared to compromise the responsibility of the Government as a whole by some unwary or unauthorized declaration. It was her opinion, expressed on many occasions, that if a Minister made speeches in the country, he should not outstep the limits of Cabinet agreement, and that he should not be permitted to pledge himself to a policy without at the same time pledging his colleagues. That the Queen was right in her interpretation of constitutional doctrine need not be argued, as every one of her Prime Ministers supported her view.

It may be thought that any Prime Minister of strong character and vigorous intellect would enforce these rules. Experience shows, however,

that all Prime Ministers—Lord John Russell often, Lord Beaconsfield once or twice, Mr. Gladstone frequently—are tempted to turn a blind eye towards a too impetuous colleague.

On the other hand, there is no example, in this correspondence, of a Minister not appreciating with some relish the support against an unruly colleague which was offered him by the Sovereign.

The Queen's Hatred of War.

Another point well worth noting is that the most careful scrutiny of the published and unpublished letters shows beyond dispute that the influence of the Crown was uniformly asserted in the interests of peace and against action which might lead to war. Although no one could show rarer determination when once the die was cast, and more firmness to reap the fruit of national sacrifices than the Queen, there is no instance in the whole of her reign where she can be shown to have favored war, or encouraged those who were anxious for it. There are many to the contrary. Two will suffice.

It was largely due to the pertinacious support given by the Queen to those members of the Cabinet who in 1850 favored peace that England was not dragged by Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell into the contest between Prussia and Denmark. It was an occasion when the sentiment of the country and the policy of a powerful Minister came into conflict, and no one, reading the inner history of that conflict of opinion, can doubt that the peaceful issue was largely determined by the action of the Queen. The non-intervention of Great Britain in 1850 was largely due to the joint endeavor of the Queen and the Prince Consort; and, later on, it was to the infinite credit of the Prince that in 1861, at a moment of national heat and excitement, this country was saved from the crime of a war with the United States. The proofs of these statements are to be found in the volumes of the Queen's Correspondence.

We are not concerned, however, with the merits of these bygone controversies. The question as to which policy was right may still be argued. But we are concerned with the illustration afforded by the Queen of the effect of throwing the whole weight of the indirect influence of the Crown into the scale of peace. Had she acted otherwise the result would have been to cast doubt upon the institution of Monarchy, and possibly, at some period, to have jeopardized the Crown.

At this point may I pause for a moment to note once more the singular flexibility of our unwritten Constitution, and the ease and smoothness with which the relations between the Crown and a representative Government adjusted themselves to varying conditions. A young Queen exercises her doubtful prerogative with the support of a Liberal majority in a reformed House of Commons against a powerful Tory combination headed by Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. What a paradox is here! A Liberal Prime Minister of great determination endeavoring to force a measure of Irish Disestablishment through a Tory House of Lords appeals to the Sovereign for assistance, and achieves success through her mediation. What a confusion of democratic ideals is there! Institutions more hide-bound, less malleable, would not have stood the strain—and these volumes of the Queen's Correspondence contain lessons for all who, for the sake of symmetry, or abstract polity, or momentary convenience, may desire to substitute dogmatic restriction and a statutory formula for so flexible a medium of government.

If I have made my meaning clear,

the value of a Monarchial system like ours should be enhanced by a study of the Queen's Correspondence. Unqualified eulogy would be unworthy of our subject, and the last thing Queen Victoria would have desired. In her public capacity as Sovereign of these realms she occasionally committed errors of judgment; but not often. It would be vain to select examples either for praise or blame. We have been engaged upon an examination of causes and results, rather than upon a critical estimate of specific acts.

Her Majesty's "Only Serious Error."

This, however, I should like to say. I have had exceptional opportunities of examining at first hand the inner history of a reign, extending over sixty years, during which every document was preserved—even the least important of telegrams. It has been my duty to arrange this vast mass of political papers with as much care as I could devote to the task, and I can assert, with the fullest conviction, that I have found no trace of any grave mistake committed by the Queen in her capacity as Sovereign.

Perhaps the only serious error made by the Queen was her seclusion during the long period from 1861 to 1874—when she allowed her deep feelings as a woman to prevail against the claims made upon her as Head of the State. But these claims were of the lesser kind. The greater claims she met during those years in a degree which will only be fully realized if it should become possible to publish a further selection of her correspondence during that period. She displayed none of the graver faults of the greatest of her predecessors on the Throne. Although often treated with ingratitude she never showed the resentment of Elizabeth. The cold indifference characteristic of William III. was foreign to her nature. Although she resembled in many ways her grandfather, George III., she could have been relied upon not to misunderstand the American Colonies.

It is necessary to speak of her private life—it was so bound up with her public life—and upon the connection between these her influence over her people mainly rested. At this point, owing to his Majesty the King's gracious permission to quote from her Journals, the Queen has spoken and can speak for herself. I have known of no better way to bring home to you the deep underlying truth about Queen Victoria than to quote her own words, at different and characteristic periods of her life.

The passages I have quoted were not intended when they were written for any eye but hers. It was only many, many years later, when confronted with fabulous statements about herself and her family, which had obtained credence, that she began to contemplate using material accumulated over a long period of time, for the purpose of giving a picture, that was truthful, of persons and events so absurdly travestied. This change of sentiment about publicity influenced her to print extracts from her Journals, and subsequently determined his Majesty the King to allow the publication of her correspondence.

From Dolls to Politics.

When I spoke of the importance of atmosphere in history, and the difficulty of creating it, I had, as I have said, already determined not to make the attempt. My intention was to give you pictures of the Queen in her own words. We have had a glimpse of the Child Princess in that "Palace in a Garden" which appealed so strongly to the author of "Sybil," the hours passed in the school-room with the Dean of Chester, or at a music-

lesson, or washing her terrier "Dash," with an occasional ride on her pony, accompanied by her mother, and on Sundays making abstracts of the sermon.

There was the weekly letter from her uncle, King Leopold, to be read, and perhaps a lecture to be heard in the presence of her Mother, from Baron Stockmar. She played with her dolls. There were hundreds of them, small dolls, most of which she dressed herself, and ticketed with well-known names of illustrious persons whom she had seen dining at Kensington Palace, or whom she had watched from the Duchess of Kent's box at the Opera. All these dolls were carefully preserved and are alive to this day, numbered and catalogued in the young Princess's child hand.

Then suddenly she was Queen. After her Accession her life completely changed. To comparative isolation and grayness succeeded a period of high tension and keen enjoyment. Rose, not gray, became the prevailing color. Her mind expanded at the touch of this wonderful spring time. A secluded maiden, whose only draught at the fountain of life had been an evening at the theatre, was suddenly translated from the schoolroom to the most exciting spheres of politics and of regal state. Her companions were thenceforth Ministers of State, *her* Ministers.

She no longer dressed dolls, but presided at Councils. She, who had never walked down the staircase at Kensington Palace unless held by the hand, like a little child, rode twenty miles of a morning, at the head of a cavalcade of courtiers. She who had spent her mornings with the excellent Dean of Chester, reading geography, now spent her afternoons with her Prime Minister, discussing the affairs of Europe.

PICTURES FROM THE JOURNALS.

But the aroma of the schoolroom was about her still. Here is her Journal for Monday, April 2, 1838:—

I said to Lord Melbourne I was so stupid that I must beg him to explain to me about Sir William Follet again; he answered very kindly; "it is not stupid, but I daresay you can't understand it"; and he explained it to me like a *kind* father would do to his child; he has something so fatherly and so affectionate and kind in him, that one must love him.

A week later the Queen writes describing one of many evenings spent with her Prime Minister at Buckingham Palace:—

Sunday, April 8.—Lord Melbourne looked over one of the Volumes (the 6th) of a work called "Gallery of Portraits"; there are portraits of all sorts of famous people in it, with short Memoirs of them attached to them. Lord Melbourne looked carefully over each, reading the accounts of the people and admiring the prints. I wish I had time to write down all the clever observations he made about *all*. It is quite *a delight* for me to hear him speak about all these things; he has such *stores* of knowledge; such a wonderful memory; he knows about everybody and everything; *who* they were, and *what* they did; and he imparts all his knowledge in such a *kind* and agreeable manner; it does me a *world* of good; and his conversations always *improve* one greatly.

I shall just name a few of the people he observed upon:—*Rayleigh. Hobbes*, who was "an infidel philosopher"; he had been tutor to one of the Earls of Devonshire, he said; *Knox:* —Lord Melbourne observed that those Scotch Reformers were very violent people; but that Knox denied having been so harsh to Mary Queen of Scots as she said he had been; *Lord Mansfield; Melancthon*, whose name means Black Earth in Greek, and whose head he admired; *Pitt*, whose print Lord

Melbourne said was very like:—"he died in 1806 when I came into Parliament." He (Ld M) came in for Leinster; *Wesley*, Lord Melbourne said the greatest number of Dissenters were Wesleyans: he read from the book that there were (at his death) 135,000 of his followers; *Porson*, Lord Melbourne said: "I knew him; he was a great Greek scholar"; and looking at the print—"it's very like him." *Leibnitz*, a great German philosopher, and a correspondent of Queen Caroline, wife to George II.; spoke of her being so learned and her whole Court too; "the Tories laughed at it very much," and Swift ridiculing the Maids of Honor, wrote:—"Since they talk to Dr. Clark, They now venture in the Dark." *Addison*, Lord Melbourne admires his "Spectator," his "Cato" he also admires, but says it's not like a Roman tragedy; "there is so much love in it." Addison died at Holland House; he disagreed very much with his wife, Lady Warwick. Holland House was built, he said by Rich, Lord Holland in the reign of Charles 1st. *Madame de Stael*, whose print he thought very like; "She had good eyes, she was very vain of her arms." She was over here in '15, and died in '17, aged 51; she disliked dying very much; Lord Melbourne also knew her daughter the Duchesse de Broglie; he said "Louis Phillippe dislikes her as much as Napoleon did *her Mother*." Lord Melbourne saw Madame de Broglie for a moment when he was at Paris for the last time in 1825. He read from the book, and with great emphasis, the following passage, what Napoleon said of Madame de Stael:—"They pretend that she neither talks politics nor mentions me; but I know not how it happens that people seem to like me less after visiting her." *Queen Elizabeth:* spoke of her, and that her Mother must have been very handsome; etc.

Spoke of pictures; Lord Melbourne does not admire Murillo much, nor Rubens; he so greatly prefers the Italian Masters to any others; spoke of subjects for painting; of the Holy Family being constantly painted. "After all," he said, "a woman and a child is the most beautiful subject one can have." Then she adds:—

It was a most delightful evening.

There is nothing very remarkable in these utterances of Lord Melbourne. The interesting aspect of them is the circumstances in which they were delivered. The normal evenings were spent in this fashion, following after mornings consumed in reading despatches, and in signing her name, to be succeeded by afternoons occupied in riding through the streets and through the crowds that waited daily at Hyde Park Corner to see the Queen:—

At ½ past 12, I rode out with Lord Conyngham, Lord Uxbridge, Lord Byron, Lady Mary, dearest Lehzen, Miss Cavendish, Miss Quentain, Sir F. Stovin and Col. Cavendish, and came home at ½ p. 3, having ridden *twenty-two miles*. . . . We rode very hard and Tartar went most *delightfully, never* was *there such* a dear horse. We rode to Richmond, through part of the Richmond Park, out at Robin Hood Gate, and home over Wimbledon Common and Vauxhall Bridge. It was as hot as summer, and *going* I thought I should have melted; coming over Wimbledon Common there was some delicious air. It was a heavenly day. At 6 m. p. 4 came Lord Melbourne and stayed with me till 20 m. to 5. He seemed well. Spoke a good deal of my ride.

Two more extracts from these early journals and I have done:—

1838. Monday, July 9.—At ¾ p. 11 I went to a Review in Hyde Park. I could have cried almost not to have *ridden* and been in *my right* place as I ought; but Lord Melbourne and Lord Hill thought it more prudent on account of the great crowd that I should not *this* time do so, which however now they all see I might have done. Lord Anglesey (who had the command of the day, looked so handsome, and did it beautifully and gracefully) regretted much I did not ride. I drove down the lines. All the Foreign

Princes and Ambassadors were there, and the various uniforms looked very pretty. The troops never looked handsomer or did better; and I heard their praises from all the Foreigners and particularly from Soult. There was an immense crowd and all so friendly and kind to me.

A Royal Dinner Party.

1838. Wednesday, July 25.—Wrote my Journal. At a ¼ to 8 I went into the Throne Room with my Ladies and gentlemen and Feo and Mama, where I found the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and Augusta and George. After waiting a little while we went into the green drawing-room, which looked very handsome lit up, and was full of people *all* in uniform. I subjoin an account of all the arrangements, and all the people. After remaining for about five minutes in that room, talking to several people, amongst others to good Lord Melbourne, we went into dinner which was served in the Gallery, and looked, I must say, most brilliant and beautiful. We sat down *one hundred and three* and *might* have been more. The display of plate at one end of the room was really very handsome. I sat between Uncle Sussex and Prince Esterhazy. The music was in a small Orchestra in the Saloon, and sounded extremely well. Uncle Sussex seemed in very good spirits, and Esterhazy in high force, and full of fun and talking so loud. I drank a glass or *stein-wine* with Lord Melbourne who sat a good way down on my left between the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Holland. After dinner we went into the Yellow Drawing-Room. Princess Schwartszenberg looked very pretty but tired; and Mme. Zavadowsky, beautiful and so sweet and placid. About 20 m. after we ladies came in, the gentlemen joined us. I spoke to almost everybody; Lord Grey looked well; the Duke of Wellington, ill, but cheerful and in good spirits. I spoke for some time also to Lord Melbourne who thought the Gallery looked very handsome; and that the whole "did very well"; "I don't see how it could do better," he said. He admired the large diadem I had on.

At about 11 came some people who (as the Gallery was full of dinner, &c.) were obliged to come through the Closet, and of whom I annex a list. Lady Clanricarde I did not think looked very well; Lady Ashley, Lady Fanny, Lady Wilhelmine, and Lady Mary Grimston looked extremely pretty. Strauss played delightfully the whole evening in the Saloon. After staying a little while in the Saloon, we went and sat down in the further Drawing Room, next to the Dining Room. I sat on a sofa between Princesse Schwartzenberg and Mme. Stroganoff; Lord Melbourne sitting next Mme. Stroganoff; and in a little while Esterhazy near him, and Furstenberg (who talked amazingly to Lord Melbourne, and made us laugh a good deal); behind him. The Duchess of Sutherland and the Duchess of Northumberland sat near Princesse Schwartzenberg and a good many of the other Ambassadors and Ambassadresses were seated near them. The Duchess of Cambridge and Mama, &c., &c., were opposite to us; and all the others in different parts of the room. Several gentlemen, foreigners, came up behind the sofa to speak to me. We talked and laughed a good deal together. I stayed up till a ¼ to 1. It was a successful evening.

The language is very simple, but Macaulay's famous description of a scene in Whitehall is not more vivid.

An Atmosphere of Deep Memories.

I have some faint hope that through the medium of these quotations from the Queen's Journals I may have been able to create that atmosphere of which I spoke. Remembering, as I myself do, what in later days that atmosphere was, I am more than diffident. During these later years, from which the published correspondence is far removed, there was a hushed reverence surrounding the Queen, hard to describe, and difficult even to suggest. It is no exaggeration to say that emi-

nent statesmen and humbler folk alike moved through the corridors of Windsor as through a shrine. It was not the atmosphere of sycophancy or adulation. It was the atmosphere of deep memories, of noble names, of Imperial growth, of national struggles, and of glorious triumphs. It was an atmosphere of queenly pity, of intrepid courage, of personal sorrows, and of duties simply performed through long years, stretching far back beyond the remembrance of any save the Queen herself. In spite of its grandeur there was a solitude, an aloofness, about the life of the Queen, which made men half afraid to speak above a whisper.

I have dwelt, I hope not unduly, upon the earlier years of the Queen's reign, for it is these years that the published correspondence covers. In preparing that correspondence for publication it was felt that it should tell its own story, and that no attempt should be made to analyze or discuss the character and actions of the Queen. If it should be found possible to bring the story down to a later period the same course will be followed. And I may say that the interest deepened as the years rolled on. This is not only because events are more recent, and the personalities of those who surrounded the Queen are more vividly known to us; but because after the loss of her guide and counsellor in 1861 the character of the Queen changed and strengthened. For the first time she stood absolutely alone. Although, as she herself said, in her desolate and isolated condition she turned to Lord Palmerston and to Lord John Russell as old and tried friends, they did not and could not occupy the place that had been filled by Lord Melbourne in her girlhood, and by the Prince Consort through her happy married life. It is only within the last few months that by an accident the Queen's letters to Lord John Russell have come to light —and it is curious to observe that for four years she wrote to him in her own hand at least once a day. During most of that period Lord John Russell was Foreign Secretary. The Queen was learning to walk alone.

This is not the time or place in which to attempt any deeper analysis of the character of Queen Victoria. If, as Cardinal Newman once said, men are guided by type rather than by argument, and if the majority are swayed more by example than by the logic of facts, the Queen has rendered a mighty service not only to her people but to her successors on the Throne of this Kingdom. No Sovereign ever exercised over the minds of men and women of many races a more powerful influence.

What We Owe to Queen Victoria.

We started to inquire—What we owe to Queen Victoria; what was the secret of her influence; and what will be her place in history? I venture to hope that to these questions I may have suggested, under the necessary limitations of such an occasion as this, a partial reply. We owe to Queen Victoria the reinstatement of the Monarchical principle in the eyes of all grave and earnest men. We owe to her the deep respect with which the British Crown is regarded by the subjects of this vast Empire. The secret of her influence was her unfaltering devotion to duty, her simple regard and—if the word is not misplaced—her narrow adhesion to the plain unvarnished truth in every action and relation of her long life. To attempt to expose her weaknesses would be an unbecoming and singularly fruitless task. We do not claim —those who were her loyal and devoted subjects—that she was other than extremely human. But we do claim that, in the glare of her great virtues, her faults may be allowed to lie in shadow.

The Queen's place in history cannot

yet be defined. There are few more treacherous quicksands than those which surround the domain of historical forecast. This much, however, may be safely ventured: that as the reign of Elizabeth rounded off and set a seal on that period of splendid intellectual growth, during which England became one of the first of European Powers, so the reign of Queen Victoria rounded off and set a seal upon that no less heroic period of commercial and racial expansion in which Great Britain became a world-wide Empire.

The Times.

A HIGH SCHOOL OF DANISH PEASANTS.

One winter morning some ninety men were sitting in the great hall at the Testrup Peasants' High School. It was a bitterly cold day: a piercing wind was blowing straight down from the North Pole, sweeping all before it as it came. The whole country side for miles away, right down to the shores of the Baltic, was covered with snow; and the trees stood out from its dazzling white gaunt and grim, the veriest scare-crows as they waved their great lean arms in the air. In summer, Testrup, which is in South Jutland, is a pleasant enough region; but on this special day it was quite uncanny in its barren desolation. Fortunately, however, at the dark season of the year the High School has nothing whatever in common with its surroundings; the contrast, indeed, between their dull silence and its bustle and life and general cheeriness, is quite startling. For, although the building is as plain and unpretentious as can be, little better, indeed, than a great farm house, there is a certain simple comfort about the place, a something homelike and cosy in spite of its size, that is infinitely attractive. Then the very air there seems alive with good-fellowship, and that, too, is most cheering. Eager talk, kindly greetings are to be heard on all sides; much bandying of jokes, too, sometimes, and hearty laughter. For they who live there live as brothers; no matter whether they be landowners or land tillers, they all fare alike, and do their best to knock off one another's angles, as well as sharpen one another's wits.

The Lecture Hall at the Testrup High School is a fine large room, well lighted, and with plenty of air even when most heated. There are several good pictures hanging on the walls; and dotted about here and there are statuettes and other knick-knacks; flowers and plants, too. These little luxuries give an air of refinement to the room which is oddly at variance with the appearance of those who frequent it. For they are for the most part somewhat rough-looking men of the agriculturist type, hardly a whit better, one would say at a first glance, than our own Hodge. The year I was there, three-quarters at least of the Testrup students were either peasant farmers or agricultural laborers; and the clothes they wore were evidently the very same as they had worn when following the plough. Half a dozen of them were landowners, and half a dozen more market gardeners. There were a few pedlars among them too, a few fishermen, two sailors, a pastor's son and a village schoolmaster. In age the majority of them were between twenty and thirty, still a fair number were over forty; and one student would never see sixty again.

It was an odd sight, all these great fellows, in the prime of their life and vigor, sitting there on school benches. Their fingers seemed too big to clutch

pens or pencils: Nature in framing them had never intended them, surely, to pass their days conning books. Their faces were sunburnt and weather-beaten; on many of them were lines that told of battles fought and storms faced, of hard toil and scant commons; and in the eyes of some few there was that look those only wear who have scanned the grim wolf at close quarters.

I had watched them make their way into the Lecture Hall, and they had struck me as being physically fine specimens of their class, but nothing much beyond. They looked more alert, certainly, than the average English agriculturist, their eyes were brighter, and they lifted their feet higher as they walked. Still, in the great majority I could at first discern no signs of special intelligence; and about several of them there was something so stolid, nay, sleepy, that I wondered what could have ever induced them to forsake their ploughs for books. No sooner did the lecture begin, however, than I knew that I had misjudged them; for even the dullest among them was as one transformed as he listened.

The lecturer that morning was the founder of the High School, Dr. Norregaard, one of the most eloquent men in all Denmark; and he was dealing with a favorite theme of his, Alexander the Great. He described Alexander's victorious march to the East, depicting in glowing colors the countries through which he passed, the people whom he encountered. He told of the King himself, of his virtues and his vices, his triumphs and his trials; told, too, how he lived and how he died. Dr. Norregaard has a singularly sweet voice, and he spoke that day with a verve and a fire that thrilled to the very heart's core those who heard him. These great, rough men hung on his words as if spell-bound: their faces flushed, their hands trembled, and they held their very breath in their excitement. They were, in fact, in the hollow of his hand, as it were, for the time; he could thrill them with what emotion he chose, could mould them just at his will. I told him so later. "That shows how little you know them," he replied, with a laugh. "They would take my word with blind faith, no doubt, on all points that relate to bygone days, abstract questions, and the like; but if it were a question now, of the merits of rival Parliamentary candidates! Hump! it is not I who would like to undertake the task of inducing any one among them to vote for my favorite candidate rather than his own."

Another day, when I was at the High School, I heard a lecture on Norse "Folk Lore," and this excited even greater enthusiasm than that on Alexander had done. The students listened with rapt attention while the lecturer, an expert in his art, related to them quaint legends in which their forefathers and their gods figure as heroes. Evidently the subject was one with which they were all more or less familiar. It was easy to see that many of the myths of which they were told were old favorites in a new garb, tales they had known from their cradles, perhaps. It was the same, too, I found, when literature was the subject of discourse. These diggers and delvers had evidently found time in their homesteads before ever they came to the High School, to do much reading, and to ponder well on what they had read. Not only were they acquainted with the masterpieces of their national literature; but they had conned over "Shakespeare" with loving care, and knew something of Ibsen and Björnson, of Göthe and Schiller too.

The favorite subjects at the High School are history and literature, especially Danish history and Danish literature; for these peasants are all

staunch nationalists. Still the students devote a fair amount of their time to geography, arithmetic, and—learning to write. Writing is to many of them a sore trial; it is quite pitiable, indeed, sometimes to see the contortions they go through in their efforts to keep their lines straight and their letters all of the same size. For their fingers are stiff and clumsy, and their hands and eyes alike are untrained. Arithmetic, too, is heart-breaking work for some few of them. I shall not easily forget the look of despair that came over one man's face when the teacher wrote down on the blackboard a long sum; nor his delight—delight mingled with surprise—when he found later that the answer he had on his slate was precisely the same as that in the book. Then law is taught at this High School, though only in so far, of course, as relates to civic duties, civic privileges and the principles on which the Danish Constitution is founded. There are also lectures on elementary science, on astronomy, geology, physics and hygiene; and these many of the students follow with intense interest. The science teacher, as indeed every teacher at the High School, is careful, of course, to adapt his teaching to his pupils: he says to them what he has to say in plain terms, and appeals to their eyes whenever possible, rather than their ears. And the result is, at the end of a winter's course, most of them have learnt to interest themselves in the natural phenomena they see around them, and can explain their whys and wherefores with tolerable accuracy. They know to a nicety why the moon is a crescent one day and a round another, and the causes of storms and tides; they know, too, why certain soils yield better crops than others, and they understand the mysteries of irrigation and deep digging.

Some years ago a committee was formed in Copenhagen for the purpose of publishing science primers at a nominal price—a penny or twopence each; and the members report that it is in agricultural districts that their pamphlets are bought up most eagerly. This, surely, is a notable fact. Think what a laugh would go round were one to suggest to a company of Sussex farm laborers that they should buy for themselves science primers!

The first lecture is held at half-past eight in a morning, and by six o'clock in an evening the real work of the High School is ended. The men betake themselves to the gymnasium, where their bodies are trained just as carefully as their brains have been trained in the earlier part of the day. They are taught on the Swedish system all the newest devices for strengthening themselves physically, for developing their muscles, and rendering themselves at once active, robust and hardy. They run and jump and leap; they carry weights, climb ropes and swing on bars. Then they are drilled as if they were soldiers; they are taught to march in step, to hold their heads erect and to manage their hands and feet. Although some few of the students seem rather to grudge the time devoted to physical culture—and they, of course, the very men who stand most in need of it—the overwhelming majority enjoy it immensely, and will tell you with pride how much good it does them, how their chests have expanded while at Testrup, and how much stronger they have become. "We should never be able to work with our heads as we do," they say, "were it not for that hour at the gymnasium."

No sooner have they doffed their flannels than they all meet together again in the Lecture Hall, where one of the professors reads poetry to them for an hour. Sometimes instead of poetry they have music in an evening; for the High School has its own band of instrumentalists, as well as its musical

society and its choir. Then comes the time for smoking and talking, and a very pleasant time it is; for the whole community at Testrup is as one great family; and teachers and taught mingle together as good comrades, discussing all things in heaven and on earth, poking fun at one another, too, sometimes. At ten o'clock the students make their way to bed, and right glad they must be to go there; for they are up long before the sun as a rule; and, excepting when eating or walking, they are hard at work the whole day long. During the summer months Testrup opens its doors to women, who resort there in large numbers, and with just as keen pleasure as the men.

The students may well work hard, for the High School term lasts only five months, from the first day of November to the last day of March; and into these five months enough instruction for a whole lifetime has to be compressed. The chance of a second school term is for nine-tenths of these men something past even praying for. It is a great thing for them, however, to have even one term; a great thing to be able to leave their work behind them, with all its narrow sordid cares and worries, and go forth, though it be but for a few months, and give themselves up heart and soul to learning. And they do thus go forth; and not as in other lands by twos and threes, but by scores, nay hundreds. During the years from 1844 to 1896 no fewer than 120,000 students passed through the Danish Peasants' High Schools—at Testrup alone there were nearly 7000; and at the present time nearly one-fourth of the whole agricultural population of Denmark contrive, by hook or crook, to go to one or other of the High Schools for a term.

The domestic arrangements at Testrup are of the simplest. The food, although well cooked, wholesome and plentiful, is as plain as plain can be; and the bedrooms are no better than what may be found in any decent cottage. For expenses must be kept down, as otherwise the school would have to bar its doors against the very men for whose sake it was organized. Testrup, it must be remembered, is no charity: they who go there pay their own expenses, and they have but little wherewith to do so. In Denmark the average wage of an agricultural laborer is only 29*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* a year. The High School fees are low, it is true; thanks to the skill and economy with which the place is managed, the cost of a winter's course at Testrup is only 10*l.* per head, and towards this the State contributes 2*l.* Thus 8*l.* each is all the students have to pay. Still, small though this sum may seem, the raising of it means for many of them almost incredible self-sacrifice—years of toiling and moiling, pinching and saving, life reduced to bare necessities. Some of them flush oddly as they speak of the time when they were "laying by" that they might go to school. "It was a hard fight. I used sometimes to think that I should never scrape enough money together," one student confessed, with a nervous shake in his voice as he spoke. "But I vowed I would, let it cost what it might. It makes such a difference to a fellow, you see, going to a high school."

The man was right, it does make a difference, a wonderful difference; this I realized as I went about among these Danish peasants, talking to them and listening to them as they talked. I have often talked to men of the same class in France, Austria, and Germany; and I have been quite startled sometimes to find how clear-headed and sharp-witted they were. But with these people, intelligent though they be, one never forgets that they are of the soil; for it is not often that they have a thought in their heads for anything that lies beyond their own village

boundaries. With the Danes, however, one has no such feeling as this; on the contrary, they strike one as being not only intelligent but educated, nay, to a certain extent even cultured.

Again and again in Denmark, in little homesteads, in out-of-the-way villages, I have come across men and women keenly interested in literature; men and women who, after a hard day's work, would settle themselves down by their fireside with real delight to talk about books—to ask me of the tendencies of latter-day English writers, and tell me what their own *littérateurs* were doing. In one house where I stayed, the maid who waited on me was quite an authority on Shakespeare; she could quote—in Danish, of course—long passages from his dramas. In another the coachman with infinite pride told me that his most cherished possession was a translation of Milton. I have met with Danish peasant farmers who knew infinitely more about the history of England than any English farmer I have ever yet encountered. A favorite subject of discussion among them, indeed, is the execution of King Charles I. with all its *pros* and *cons;* while Cromwell's moral character is for many of them quite a personal question. They will argue about it for the hour together with as much heat as if he were their own grandfather. Cromwell always lands them in politics in the end, and in politics they are experts to a man. They have well-defined opinions on every political subject under the sun; and solutions all ready to hand for most political problems. They would go without breakfast any morning rather than without a daily paper; and even though they be shoeless, they would trudge through the snow for miles on the chance of hearing a good lecture. Thus it is not without reason that Björnstjerne Björnson, who knows these people thoroughly, declares them to be "the most enlightened peasantry in the world." And their enlightenment they certainly owe, in a great measure, to their High Schools; this is a point on which there can be no doubt whatever. For, although only one-fourth of them may actually go to a High School, this one-fourth leavens, as it were, the whole rural population. Every student brings with him, when he returns to his village home, new thoughts, new ideas; and these he, of course, spreads abroad. He talks to his neighbors of what he has seen, heard, and read while sojourning away; and thus brings them all, in a more or less degree, into touch with the outside world, and under High School influences.

Denmark is indebted for her Peasants' High Schools to her Poet-Bishop, Nicolai Grundtvig, who, in the second quarter of the last century, brought about a great national revival in the land. When he began his work, Denmark was already ranked by her neighbors among the dying, if not the dead. She was becoming poorer and poorer year by year, weaker and more demoralized. Her Church had lost all influence; in her schools the teachers were only one degree less ignorant than the taught; and, as for her literature, it had become a thing apart from the nation, the monopoly of a little coterie of pedants. For the country had never recovered from the effects of her disastrous war against England. The loss of her fleet seemed to have entailed with it the loss of all ambition, all national feeling. It was as if her people had ceased to care what became either of her or of themselves and against this state of things Bishop Grundtvig entered the lists.

He was young, full of enthusiasm, an orator and a poet to boot; and his love of Denmark was the great passion of his life. It was heart-breaking work for him to see men standing aside with

folded hands while she was drifting to ruin. This it was that drove him to start a regular crusade against his own countrymen. He went about among them preaching and lecturing in every town in the kingdom, in every district; and wherever he went he denounced, with fiery eloquence, their lack of patriotism; and implored them in thrilling tones to shake themselves free from the fatal indifference in which they were sunk. He wrote poetry for them, too, stirring national hymns, war songs, in which he told them of the great deeds their forefathers had done. And the result was a great revival, national, social, and religious. The people rose as if from a long sleep at the bidding of this new evangelist.

Strangely enough it was the peasants who, more than any other class, took the bishop's exhortations to heart. "What shall we do to save ourselves and our country?" was soon their one cry. "Educate yourselves" was Grundtvig's answer. This, indeed, was the burden of all his latter-day preaching, for he held strongly that in education lay these men's one hope. Nor was he content with telling them what to do; he showed them how to do it. It was he who first conceived the idea of a Peasants' High School, and who formulated the plan on which all these schools are founded. It was he, too, who insisted that all the teaching given should be *viva voce*, and that no one should be allowed to go there until he was eighteen. This latter point was one to which he attached great importance; for he was convinced that, under eighteen, boys are developing too rapidly physically to be able to learn easily. Besides, he was anxious that all who went to the High Schools should, before going there, work on the land, and thus have the chance of becoming attached to it.

Before long, in all parts of the kingdom, peasants, acting on their own initiative in many cases, began to band themselves together to build schools modelled on the lines Bishop Grundtvig had laid down for them. Already, in 1844, a Peasants' High School was opened at Rodding, in Schleswig, by the Peasants' Union; and as time passed other high schools were organized. Unfortunately, however, before they were able to make their influence felt, the war of 1848 broke out; and for years men were too busy cutting one another's throats to trouble their heads about education. No sooner was peace restored than the peasants were again hard at work building schools; but again their work was undone; for in 1863 came another war, more disastrous even than the first. The loss of Schleswig-Holstein was followed by a time of terrible depression in Denmark: it was not so much that the people were demoralized by their defeat as that they were plunged into despair. Look where they would they could see no ray of hope; they felt as if they were foredoomed, as if the fate that had befallen Schleswig-Holstein would befall all Denmark sooner or later. And not one Dane in fifty but would rather see his native land swallowed up by the Baltic than annexed by Germany.

It was in the hope of arousing the people out of this depression that in 1866 Dr. Norregaard betook himself to Testrup and founded the Peasants' High School there. He was quite a young man at the time, rich and talented, with a brilliant future before him, if he chose; yet he gave up everything and, accompanied by his wife and his brother-in-law, went forth to this desolate region that he might throw in his lot with the peasants, and help them to rally from their misfortunes. Not only did he defray all the initial expenses of the school, but for years he contributed largely to its maintenance. Fired by his example, other men of his

class also founded high schools; and, as the political atmosphere became clearer, communal authorities joined in the work. In many districts the peasants united and organized schools for themselves, engaging their own teachers. In the course of a few years there were Peasants' High Schools of one sort or another in every part of Denmark; and they were springing up on all sides in Norway, Sweden, and Finland. In Denmark alone there are at the present time no fewer than seventy-five schools, and all in full working order.

At first the Peasant High School movement was regarded with a certain amount of suspicion, cautious politicians fearing lest it should work for woe, not weal, in the land; and pressure was again and again brought to bear on its leaders to induce them to change their High Schools into dairy or agricultural schools. "If you educate peasants they cease to be peasants," they were told; "they will throw down their spades and flock into towns in the hope of becoming officials or clerks." This was not a pleasant prospect, it must be confessed; for, even at that time, towns were overcrowded, and of officials and clerks there was no end. The pro-educationists, however, went on their way undismayed; for they knew the men with whom they had to deal, knew that they had much more sturdy common sense than the world was inclined to give them credit for. Besides, they disagreed with their critics fundamentally as to the end and aim of education. "What peasants need most is not technical training, but mental," they declared. "They need to be taught that they have minds and souls as well as bodies; they need to have their interest aroused in things outside their own farmyards. When once they have learnt to use their heads, they will teach themselves to use their fingers; when once they have learnt to think clearly and judge correctly, they will provide themselves with the means of learning how to farm well."

The result has proved that they were right; for, although higher education has brought about a great change both in the Danish peasants and their economic condition, it is in every way a change for the better, not for the worse. It has rendered them intelligent without either making them discontented with their lot or giving them a taste for town life; it has transformed them, it is true, but into first-rate agriculturists, not third-rate officials. Before the High Schools were opened the Danes cultivated their land neither better nor worse than their neighbors; at the present time they are by far the most successful farmers in all Europe. A Dane can live comfortably and save money out of land on which an Englishman would starve.

In judging of the present condition of these people, it must be remembered that the climate of Denmark is none too good, and that its soil is none too fertile; it must be remembered, too, that the Danes have experienced economic disasters, as well as national, in these latter days. Early in the eighties they were threatened with something very like starvation; for they were, and had been for generations, a corn-growing people, and corn-growing ceased almost suddenly to yield any profit. Then a few years later they found themselves deprived at one fell swoop of their chief market; for Germany, almost without a word of warning, closed her doors against their produce. Meanwhile America had become more and more formidable as a competitor; for, not content with supplying Europe with corn, she had begun to supply it with butter, eggs and bacon. And in Denmark, year after year, there were floods, droughts, epidemics among cattle, plagues of all

kinds in fact. Thus Danish farmers had many difficulties to contend against, to contend against alone, too, without anyone to give them a helping hand. For the Government could do but little for them in those days, and there are no great land-holders in that part of the world to take the lead in adapting scientific discoveries to agriculture. Already eight years ago two-thirds of all Denmark was in the hands of peasant proprietors whose holdings range in size from eighteen acres to two hundred; and one-half of the land that remained was in the hands of agricultural laborers. When evil days came these men were thrown entirely on their own resources: they were left to work out their own salvation; and work it out they did by the sheer force of their shrewdness, intelligence and pluck.

No sooner was it evident that corn could no longer be grown at a profit in Denmark than they promptly set to work to turn their land into pastures and market-gardens. While their neighbors were still rending the very heavens with their complaints and clamoring for protection, they were already hard at work learning how to make butter and raise vegetables on the most approved scientific principles. As they had but little money wherewith to reorganize their industry, they formed themselves into co-operative societies that they might turn what they had to the best possible account. In the course of five years they built 1000 co-operative dairies and fitted them up with all the newest butter-making implements worked by steam; they also founded 323 co-operative cattle-breeding societies. When Germany closed her markets against their pork, they at once organized co-operative curing houses, where they turned their pork into bacon, all ready for transport to England. At the present time practically the whole cattle-raising and dairy industry in the country is worked by the peasants on the co-operative principle—is worked at a profit too. Whereas in other countries small farmers have of late become poorer and poorer, in Denmark they have become richer. They do not, it is true, make fortunes—the day for that is past—but they make enough money wherewith to live in a fair amount of comfort, wherewith to provide for old age too. And this they do by dint of using their brains as well as their hands in their work, by dint of turning science to account in the cultivation of their land. It is to them that Denmark owes in a great measure her present prosperity; it is they who, by their intelligence and industry, have saved her from economic ruin and have rendered her the richest country in the world per head of the population, barring England. And they are but what the Peasants' High Schools have made them. It is at such places as Testrup that they have learnt to fight the great fight successfully.

Edith Sellers.

The Cornhill Magazine.

HARDY-ON-THE-HILL.

By M. E. Francis

(*Mrs. Francis Blundell.*)

CHAPTER XIX.

A few days later Lady Dorothea's big motor backed, with much clatter and many smothered objurgations on the part of the chauffeur, up the lane which led to the Little Farm. Louisa, with a dressing-bag jammed beneath one stout red arm, and her cap at its

most acute angle hastened to throw the gate open.

Rebecca Hardy hailed her from the other side of the lane.

"Bless me, bain't it a bit dangerous for this great machine to come up here? It 'ud be terri'ble awk'ard if a body didn't hear it comin'. An' so many chicken about too. I thought your ladies always went down to the road to meet it?"

"My young ladies be goin' on a visit," announced Louisa, delightedly. "An' there's luggage to go in this here car. Miss Bess be takin' her big box—Cox an' me couldn't carry it so far. 'Twas me as thought o' axin' this gentleman to bring the car so nigh the door as he could."

The moustachioed, leather-clad chauffeur eyed her in great contempt, and brought the motor to a stand-still with a protesting air.

"Where's that luggage?" he inquired briefly, inwardly reflecting that his mistress was certainly a very erratic person. It was strange enough to visit at a farmhouse, but when it came to putting luggage—other than the family luggage—on the new motor, it was almost beyond a joke.

"Me an' Mr. Cox 'ull fetch it in a minute, sir," said Louisa.

She dumped down the dressing-bag on the shining yellow seat, and then paused to scratch her elbows after her custom.

"Ees, Mrs. Hardy, ye'd never think what lots of beautiful things the young ladies be bringin'. They be goin' to stay the week at Heriots', Mr. Leslie, he've gone up to London again. I'll have the house to myself; I'd be frightened only me sister Jane, she be comin' to sleep wi' I. Yes, weren't it kind o' Miss Leslie to ha' thought on it? An' Miss Bess said I was to have a fresh egg for me breakfast every marnin'."

"It'll be to-morrow morning before we're off," remarked the chauffeur, impatiently. "I wish you'd tell Miss Leslie I'm waiting; her Ladyship is expecting them for luncheon."

Louisa, slowly backing away from the gate, stumbled against Kitty, who had heard the car arrive, and who was now hastening down the path, followed by Bess. Cox, having been with difficulty roused from one of his usual reveries on the landing, now summoned Louisa to his aid, and the two disappeared together into the house.

As Kitty stood buttoning her gloves she heard a rustle behind the hedge over the way, and caught sight of Mrs. Hardy, just as the latter was preparing to retrace her steps up the hill.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Hardy," she called out. "Bess and I are going away for a week."

"So I hear," responded Rebecca, without turning her head. "I hope ye'll enj'y ye'selves."

Kitty hesitated a moment, and then, judging from certain bumping sounds in the house that it would be some time before Louisa and Cox succeeded in conveying the luggage downstairs, she crossed the lane behind the car, ran through the gate on the opposite side, and caught up Rebecca before she had proceeded many yards.

"I must say good-bye to you properly," she cried, and kissed her.

But Rebecca held her face stiffly away from her, though there were symptoms of yielding in the kind reproachful voice.

"I thought ye wasn't goin' to take no notice o' us any more," she responded. "You as used to be always runnin' in an 'out—an' glad I'm sure we was to have it so. You haven't been a-nigh us for a week very near. An' now to go off wi'out so much as a word. Ye'd ha' gone off wi'out a word if I hadn't chanced to be lookin' over the hedge."

"I—we've been so busy," faltered Kitty.

"That's it, I suppose," rejoined Mrs. Hardy, in an unconvinced tone. "Miss Bess—there she's so busy layin' on the grass an' talkin' to the young gentleman—'tisn't to be expected *she'd* find time to look in. But *you* was different always. I looked to have you pop in some day. I said as much to Stephen. 'I wonder,' I says, 'Miss Leslie doesn't come. Her head isn't so easy turned as the other's,' I said. 'I shouldn't ha' thought her fine friends and their motor-cars an' all that 'ud make her forget us!' "

"Oh, Mrs. Hardy, is that what you thought?" gasped the girl. "Oh, I'm not like that."

"Well, it 'ud be only natural after all, my dear," said Rebecca, slightly mollified. "Stephen hisself said it would be only natural."

At this moment Bess hailed her sister imperiously from the motor, where she had aready installed herself.

"Do come, Kitty, we're late already. Don't let's be late for luncheon, it'll make Mr. Heriot so cross. Is that you, Mrs. Hardy? Good-bye."

She bowed in a regal manner and waved her hand, while Kitty, after snatching another remorseful kiss, hurried out of the field.

"Vraiment," began Bess as soon as they were seated, speaking in a fierce undertone, and in French, as a further precaution. "Je suis étonnée que tu t'oublies comme ca. Celui qui nous conduit est aussi tout-à-fait surpris."

"*Bother* celui qui nous conduit," retorted Kitty, half vexed, half laughing. "You may speak openly, Bess. He can't possibly hear you.

"My dear, the word 'chauffeur' would catch his ear at once. Really, Kitty, I wish you wouldn't do such strange things. What can he have thought of your kissing Mrs. Hardy? I never did anything of the kind, even when I thought of living the simple life."

"Oh, is that what you call it now?" said Kitty.

"Yes, I told Teddy about it; I didn't mention Farmer Hardy's name, of course," she added hastily. "But about my idea that it would be nice to work in a farm, and to make butter, and to live in a quite plain, unartificial way. But he said he thought the simple life was very much overrated. I am beginning to agree with him. These little peeps that the Heriots have given us of another world—our world, after all—do seem to open one's eyes. These little tastes of luxury—oh, Kitty, I do love luxury. Oh, Kitty, do you think Providence will ever send a motor-car my way? Just think if one had a motor-car of one's own. My dear, moo-cows and baa-lambs are all very well, but they don't really satisfy one. And as for people—give me my intellectual equals."

Kitty made no reply; she was thinking of Rebecca's hurt face and of how Stephen had said it was natural that she should prefer the company of her fine friends.

Everything was in such a tangle. How could she run in and out of the house on the Hill as she had been used to do, and on the other hand how was it possible to seem other than negligent and ungrateful, particularly where Rebecca was concerned?

Bess's voice broke in upon her meditations.

"How dull you are, Kitty. I'll bet you're adding up accounts in your mind, or wondering how much money father is frittering away in London. Now be sensible for once. The unpleasantnesses are behind us—leave them there. We have come out to enjoy ourselves—let's do it. Take a leaf out of my book. I mean to enjoy every minute of the time."

Kitty sat up suddenly. After all,

the advice was eminently sound, why not follow it? She turned to Bess with a smile.

"I believe I will too," she said.

The swift motion of the motor-car was certainly exhilarating, and when they presently turned in at the gates of Heriot Grange it was delightful to notice how the limes on either side of the long avenue were bursting into leaf, to watch the herd of deer moving slowly up a grassy slope, to feel oneself surrounded by everything that was beautiful and soothing. By-and-by the car stopped in front of the majestic old house, and the hostess came to meet them from the sunny corner where she had been sitting, while Teddy stood already on the door-step.

Both were pleased to see the sisters, and almost before they had shaken hands they learned several pleasant items of information.

The house was full of guests—rather amusing people, Lady Dorothea said—there were to be theatricals and a dance. The latter was intended chiefly as a reward to the performers in the former.

"For I mean to work you all very hard," said she, smiling sweetly. "I shall be merciless at rehearsals."

Presently they were joined on the lawn by several of the embryo actors, and Kitty soon found herself talking to them all as gaily as though no such person as Stephen Hardy existed and she had a large balance at the bank.

The gong summoned them to the house, Bess being presently seated between Teddy and an elderly, rather silent man, who listened nevertheless to her conversation with a disconcerting smile which she took to be sarcastic. Her gay little voice could be heard prattling incessantly; she was evidently enjoying herself hugely.

On Kitty's left sat another edition of Teddy; a dark-haired, sallow-faced edition, it is true, but with Teddy's power of combining actual jollity with a suggestion of depths of hidden seriousness. After a few brief introductory remarks about cricket, of which he discovered Kitty knew nothing, he tactfully changed the subject to Keats, thence, by an easy digression, to Shelley, and before she had finished her cutlet he had darkly conveyed to her that he was more than half inclined to share the last-named poet's unorthodox views.

The place on her right hand remained vacant for some time, but when the meal was half-way over a tall man slipped quietly into it.

Lady Dorothea greeted him with one of her lazy, captivating smiles.

"I want you to know Miss Leslie," she said. "She is going to help us with our plays. Kitty, this is Mr. Mowbray, our stage manager and principal lover—our chief prop, in fact. How late you are!" she added, turning to Mr. Mowbray. "You've wasted such a lot of time. I wanted you to cultivate Miss Leslie while you were having luncheon and to discover her capabilities and characteristics, so that you might know which part would suit her best."

Kitty, looking up shyly, met the glance of very handsome dark eyes.

Mr. Mowbray was a good-looking man of about forty, with clear-cut features and hair prematurely gray.

"I shall make up for lost time now," he said: "I don't fancy the task will be a difficult one."

He smiled at Kitty, not contemptuously nor condescendingly, but, nevertheless, after a fashion which made her feel suddenly very young and insignificant indeed.

With a somewhat heightened color she turned to her left-hand neighbor, who was surveying the new-comer with great disfavor, and endeavored to continue the interrupted discussion.

"No," said Mr. Mowbray firmly. "I'm afraid I can't allow trivial conversa-

tion. Miss Leslie is going to talk to me. I see she has nearly finished her pudding, so we can't afford to waste time. You'd better have some more mutton, Compton"—this to the discomfited youth—"and talk to your neighbor on the other side. Miss Leslie and I are going to discuss weighty matters."

Mr. Compton obediently, albeit somewhat petulantly, turned his shoulder on the couple, and Kitty glanced towards Mowbray with some defiance. He was smiling again, but this time quite good-humoredly.

"What are we to talk about?" said she, smiling too, unwillingly.

"I *want* to talk about you," he returned, "but I suppose you're hardly ready for that yet. Suppose we talk about me to begin with. It's much better to talk about ourselves at once, instead of losing time over preliminaries. It's the only subject we are really interested in, after all. Well, I wonder what you think of me?"

Kitty had been about to make the obvious reply that their acquaintance was yet too short to admit of her forming an opinion, when she encountered again the gaze of those curious eyes—lazily amused, faintly interested. She threw back her little head, and said quietly:—

"I think you are rather impertinent."

"Good!" cried the other. "A most promising opening. Do you know, I fancy you're right, though no one ever told me so before. I have been called a bold, bad man, and a dangerous character, but 'impertinent'—from you—is rather delicious."

He laughed, and yet Kitty felt that he was secretly a little vexed, and the discovery gave her fresh courage.

"Dangerous!" she said. "In what way, I wonder?"

"I wonder," said Mr. Mowbray, with a little smile.

Kitty looked at him again with girlish indignation.

"I suppose," she said quickly, "you pride yourself on being a lady-killer. Have you been called that too?"

His laugh rang out; genuinely amused.

"What a charmingly antiquated phrase!" he said. "You are really very quaint. Now I'll tell you something about you. You don't like me. That's rather refreshing; most people do."

"Well, I don't like you very much, so far," owned Kitty with great frankness, "but I may change my mind—when you've told me something more interesting about your character. At present I only know that you fancy yourself."

"Fancy isn't the word," said Mr. Mowbray. "I adore myself. I am always discovering new points in my nature, each one of which I think more admirable than the last. I'll tell you some of them later on, and try and make you share my views."

"Don't tell me all at once," cried Kitty, "it might be too much for me."

They were both laughing now, and there was real approval in the glance which Mr. Mowbray bent on her.

The conversation continued on the same lines, Kitty letting herself go for once and saying the first thing that came into her head. By-and-by, however, a note of underlying seriousness was perceptible. In spite of herself she was interested in the man; he was clever, attractive in a way, as she unwillingly admitted, and, moreover, she could not help feeling a dominant personality. Her cheeks were quite flushed and her manner elated by the time she left the table.

"You got on splendidly, Kitty," murmured Bess in a slightly envious tone. "What a handsome man!—and every one says he's so interesting. They might have given *me* somebody nicer. I'm rather tired of Teddy, and the old thing on the other side was very taci-

turn. Mr. Heriot," she cried, as their host paused near them, "I want you to introduce Mr. Mowbray to me too. I am jealous of Kitty."

Both girls were surprised to see Heriot's usually good-humored face become overcast. "I can't bear the fellow," he muttered. "I can't think why Dolly asked him here."

The girls looked at each other.

"I believe he's jealous too," murmured Bess, as he passed on.

"Mr. Mowbray said himself he was a bad, bold man," remarked Kitty.

"Oh, I *must* know him," ejaculated Bess.

Coffee was served on the lawn in the sunny corner before mentioned between the conservatory and the house proper. Lady Dorothea was already deep in conversation with Mowbray, and presently called Kitty to join her.

"Our stage manager has discovered that you have marked dramatic capabilities," she observed. "He wants to put them to the test. He wants you to take Lydia's part in *The Rivals*."

Kitty came forward, speechless with surprise and alarm. She had not been aware she possessed any dramatic capabilities whatever.

"I don't really think I could," she was beginning, when her hostess cut her short.

"Mr. Mowbray says you can—and, if he says so, of course you must. We all have to do what Captain Absolute tells us. Doesn't the name suit him well? I shall always call you Captain Absolute in future," she added, turning to Mowbray, who sat sipping his coffee with an absent air. "The part was made for you," continued Lady Dorothea, the words sounding less complimentary than they appeared, from the fact that they were uttered so languidly. "Don't you think so, Kitty?"

"Miss Leslie thinks I am too old," observed Mowbray, looking up suddenly and catching Kitty's eye.

As a matter of fact, the thought was at that very moment present in her mind, and she blushed hotly, and was too much confused to make any disclaimer.

"Don't be afraid," he continued, smiling to himself. "I shall make up all right, particularly if you are Lydia," he added, dropping his voice.

Two or three of the other girls who formed part of the group glanced at the new-comers with some disfavor; one, as Bess afterwards declared, with positive malevolence. Evidently the stage-manager's choice of a "leading lady" did not meet with general approval. Even Lady Dorothea looked rather blank for a moment or two.

"Are you quite sure you know what you are doing?" she inquired presently in a low voice. "It's my play, you know, and I do want it to be a success."

"It shall be a success," responded Mowbray, unmoved. "That's a nice, impressionable girl; I shall do what I like with her."

Kitty, hemmed in between the bench and the angle of the wall, could not help overhearing the words, and was uncertain whether to be flattered or indignant.

"But poor Ethel," continued the hostess, "she'll be dreadfully disappointed, I'm afraid. She's come down from London on purpose. I believe she's having a dress made."

"That was a mistake," he rejoined tranquilly; "another time she will realize that it is unwise to be precipitate. She's got a snub nose," he continued, gravely considering the damsel who had seemed most irate at his choice of Kitty—"a snub nose and knobby hands. I can't have a Lydia with knobby hands."

"She's very clever," said Lady Dorothea.

"No, she can't be my Lydia," said

Captain Absolute firmly. "The other little thing will do all right."

He cast a swift glance over the remainder of the party, his eyes lingering for a moment on Bess, who immediately assumed an expression of elaborate unconsciousness.

"The little red-haired creature will do for 'Lucy,'" he resumed.

"Now, there you are right," she exclaimed. "The part will suit Bess Leslie to perfection. But Kitty—I don't know about Kitty."

"I mean her to be my Lydia," he returned with decision. "If she isn't Lydia, I shan't be Captain Absolute. My dear Madam, I don't want to be bored," he added, more emphatically.

"As you won't consent to act, there's not another woman in the house who wouldn't bore me except this one."

At this point Kitty could endure her position no more, and stepped out of her lurking-place in front of them.

"I've been an unwilling eavesdropper," she began. "I heard every word you said—and, please, I think I'd rather not act at all. I've never done such a thing, and I don't—I don't—"

"You're going to act," said Mowbray, "and you'll do very well—much better than if you had preconceived notions which had to be got rid of. What you don't possess naturally I shall put into you."

The Times.

(To be continued.)

CALIGULA'S GALLEYS IN THE LAKE OF NEMI.

There are even in Italy few such beautiful spots as the Lake of Nemi. Situated in a deep crater dating from one of the more ancient of five periods of eruption attributed by geologists to the Alban Mountain, it has been likened to a cup with wine glimmering in its depth; and the woods of ilex around it, to a sacred wreath around the cup. It is a still sheet of water framed in by magnificent gray crags rimmed with dark evergreens; and so completely does silence reign, that during many hours lately spent there, except for the occasional stir of the trees, were heard only two sounds—the deep-tongued bells of Genzano and the croaking of a pair of ravens. Ridge upon ridge above it the forests (formerly the hiding-place of Gasperone) rise up to Monte Cavo, like steps placed there for the gods leading down to this enchanted pool—for ages consecrate to Diana, and still called by the simple country folk "Lo Specchi di Diana," or, the mirror of Diana. It measures but a mile and a quarter across, and four miles in circumference. It is drained off into the western Campagna, and to the sea beyond that, by an ancient "emissarium," or tunnel, 1640 yards in length, the precise age of which is not yet ascertained.

Ovid, Virgil, Propertius, all refer to it as Lacus Nemorensis, a lake (like that at Sicyon and Hoiran Göl), consecrated to the worship of Diana Aricina, and it is obvious that its present title of Nemi derives from its former sacred "nemus" or grove. Strabo says "the temple of the goddess is in the grove, and the deep lake lies opposite to it. People say that the cult here derives from the Tauric cult of Diana"; *i. e.* the Ephesian. Nevertheless, at whatsoever period it became Hellenized, the name of the Latian goddess survived.

This at once gives the position both of grove and temple. He further declares that the lake-water is supplied from a source, at once visible and close

to the Temple of Diana.[1] This is borne out by the presence thereby of a copious cascade, to-day known as "La Tempesta," which gushes out of the steep wooded rocks beneath the castled town of Nemi, not far from the site under consideration.

In 1885 the late Lord Savile at his own expense opened up a spacious area cumbered with ancient remains corresponding to the position described by Strabo, near the northern margin of the lake; and he was immediately rewarded by finding abundant votive offerings in terra-cotta and bronze, which, beyond question, identified the situation of the "Artemisium," or Temple of Diana. Most of these terra-cotta objects related to women and to this goddess. It has been possible to find many of these lying about the site until quite lately.

In some other openings, however, but little removed from this first excavation, were found remains of several male terra-cotta statuettes. These were more or less fragmentary, and all of them in attitudes indicative of active motion.

One thing was evident, these could have had nothing to do with the essentially feminine cult of Diana Taurica. One of these figures wears around his chest a thong, or fascia, such as were worn by charioteers. With these was found a fine votive vase, upon the body, or bowl, of which is represented, in full action, a horse-race, with the "meta" (or goal), and the "ova" (eggs) representing the customary seven rounds of the circus-course. Further (and that is an interesting point), four of the "ova" are displayed fallen; showing that three more rounds of the race have yet to be run. The riders are nude, and two griffons (for Nemesis) are seen seizing a stumbling horse, and tearing it. But what should such a vase be doing in precincts of Diana? How can we explain the presence of these distinctly masculine offerings within a precinct peculiarly sacred to a feminine cult?

Possibly the explanation of this may throw light on the significance of the sunken galleys still lying in the adjacent lake. Some writers have attempted to account for the presence there of the famous barges, as having pertained to Diana and her sanctuary, and having been connected perhaps with her picturesque processions on the 15th of August; but it must be confessed that, although ingenious, this hypothesis taken alone is scarcely sufficient to explain all the evidences.[2]

Let us rather begin by stating that besides Diana there was another divinity worshipped at this place, from prehistoric times; and by name, Virbius. Indeed, tradition recognized this Virbius as the primeval King of the Wood, that is to say, the tree-spirit of the oak. In the belief of the Aryan races that tree was the divine accumulator of solar energy, represented by the mistletoe, or golden bough, which grew upon it. When our trees in Europe become leafless and "bare ruined choirs—where late the sweet birds sang," the real life of them is held to have passed into the mistletoe which grows upon them; and, accordingly, in later days, it was regarded as very sacred, and came to be suspended for felicitous usages at the Winter Solstice, or our later Christmas.

Now, the Latin god Virbius, worshipped at Nemi, was believed each year to rekindle the sun's fire and light, and he was represented there until the fall of the Empire by a base-born man who, strangely enough, was regarded as his own re-incarnation. Ovid describes this King of the Wood as "Strong of hand and swift of foot."[3] Besides him, we hear of his priest, or Flamen Virbialis. This priestly post,

[1] Strabo, v.

[2] Cf. "Mon. Antichi dei Lincei," xiii. p. 58.

[3] "Fasti," iii. 271.

however, was held in Imperial days by one who conjoined with it free birth, the knightly rank, and also magisterial functions—such as "Editorship of the Games."[4] It will therefore be of no little interest if, in the future, inscriptions be found to throw further light upon the relationship of this well-born priest to the base-born "Rex." For it is a striking fact that the Flamen of Virbius who superintended his cult and sacrifices (about which unfortunately we know but little) should socially be so superior to his master. So far, it is perhaps to be explained only by the notion that the incarnated God, like the man-eating tiger, was bound to lead a degraded life.

The curious conditions pertaining to the Rex Nemorensis are now well known, largely owing to Mr. Frazer's noble volumes entitled *The Golden Bough*, in which (as a text for his theory) he recapitulates the various passages in ancient authors relating to the subject.

Pausanias relates that the people at Aricia (*i. e.* Nemi) told him the old Greek story of Hippolytus having been brought back to life by Aesculapius, and having come from Greece to Aricia and there founded an area sacred to Diana Artemis, "where," he says, "down to my time the priesthood of the goddess is the prize of a victory in single combat. The competition is not open to free men, but only to slaves who have run away from their masters."[5]

Another peculiarity needs be recalled —namely, that no horses were permitted to approach the sacred grove here. This, as Professor E. Pais has pointed out, was placed in relation with the very name of Hippolytus and with the Hippoi, or unlucky horses, which dragged that hero to his death. That is to say, the Aricians identified Virbius (to whom was dedicate a portion of the neighboring Via Appia, as Clivus Virbius) with the son of Theseus, just as they identified Diana with Artemis. Syncretism had done its work there; and this may have been an attempt on the part of the local authorities to account for the combined cults of Diana and Virbius at Nemi, and their correlation. The latter consisted in the fact that the "Rex," or incarnation of Virbius (doubtless the Sun God), was likewise the hereditary priest of Diana. He was the slayer who must himself be slain, and the Keeper of the Golden Bough, or mistletoe, in the sacred grove.

Now, this base-born Rex, or "Servus Rex," is without difficulty to be identified with the traditional sixth king of Rome, Servius, who established the Federal temple of Diana upon the Aventine Hill, as a rallying-point for the Plebs, and a sanctuary for fugitive slaves. For, of him, too, we not only hear that he was born of a slave-mother, and so called Servius (Tullius), but that he met his death like Hippolytus, being trampled upon by chariot-horses in a street there called Clivus Urbius (*i. e.* Virbius).[6] This, as Professor Pais has demonstrated, points to the conjecture that Servius Tullius may have been the priest of Arician Diana transferred to Rome. There is evidence in Tacitus (*Annales*, xii. 8) of the dependence of the Aventine cult upon that of Aricia.

We are further informed by Strabo that the Rex Nemorensis went about at times armed with a long knife in view of encountering his would-be assassin and successor. This candidate for sanguinary honors, however, had, before doing murder, to cut the mistletoe from the sacred grove and then engage in the mortal combat. If the Rex won (as sometimes no doubt he did), it would be interesting to know

[4] "C. I. L." x. 1493.

[5] ii. 27, Pausanias (J. G. Frazer).

[6] Dion. Halic. iv. 39

that he offered up his fallen antagonist to Virbius or Diana.

But we have not here to enquire further into the causes of this extraordinary procedure. We have, instead, to keep attention upon the fact that the King of the Wood forms the connecting link between Diana and Virbius, and then to adduce a circumstance and one or two facts related of Caius Cæsar (Caligula) by Suetonius in his Life of that Emperor.

It is therein stated that this interesting tyrant, being of a mind that the reigning Rex Nemorensis had enjoyed his sinecure too long, gave permission to one of his stalwart slaves to go and wrest the priesthood from him, if he could. We do not hear the result of the struggle.

The question arises, Why should Caligula have been interested in such a matter, or in the special priesthood of Virbius and Diana?

If we recall the most salient features of the Emperor's daily life we shall find that the two passions, *par excellence*, of this maniac great-nephew of Augustus were (1) for horses and (2) for the water. The latter taste he may have acquired through having been brought up at Capri under the Emperor Tiberius, who once prophetically said of him, "I fear I am rearing a watersnake (*natricem*) for the people of Rome."[7] At a latter day, as if in imitation of Xerxes building his bridge across the Hellespont, Caligula set about constructing one three and a half miles long, from Baiae, in the sea, even to Puteoli (Pozzuoli).

As to his obsession for the circus, the same writer tells us

that he was so extravagantly fond of the charioteers of the Green faction that he supped and lodged constantly in the stables where the horses were kept. He made a present of two millions of sesterces to one Cythicus, a driver of chariots. The day before the circus games he used to send soldiers to enjoin silence in the neighborhood, so that his favorite horse "Incitatus" (Go-ahead) might not be disturbed. To honor this favorite animal, besides a marble stable, an ivory manger, purple housings and a jewelled frontlet, he appointed a mansion, fine furniture and a retinue of slaves, to serve for the reception of such as were invited in the horse's name to sup with him. It was even said that he proposed to make him Consul.[8]

One especial circumstance (as we have already noted), which has come down to us respecting the cult of Virbius at Nemi, is that no horse was permitted to enter his consecrated precinct. The Romans attempted to explain this by averring that it was because the horses which drew his chariot had killed Hippolytus, son of Theseus, a favorite of Diana, whom (we have already noted) they had learned to identify with Virbius. Pausanias says that at Epidaurus the Temple of Aesculapius contained a tablet recording that Hippolytus on returning to life had dedicated there to Aesculapius twenty chariot horses. It is difficult to say whether his name, signifying the "horse-freer," derives from the story, or the story from it. He was possibly a god of hunting or chariot-racing; and in all probability was a male counterpart of Diana. At any rate, the connection of Virbius with Diana and Virbius with unlucky chariot-horses was quite sufficiently made out to the Roman mind in Imperial times. Mr. Frazer and others infer, with much probability, that an annual horse-sacrifice, like that to Mars at Rome, was made to him at Nemi. Here, then, it is of interest to remember that the Aventine temple of Diana overlooked the Circus Maximus.

I venture to suggest, therefore, that this chariot-racing may in some way

[7] Suetonius, "Vita Calig." xi.

[8] Suetonius, "Vita Calig." lv.

have been the very reason for Caligula's attention having been drawn to the Lake of Nemi and its priest-king. Moreover, that the presence on the spot of a votive vase representing a circus race, and the fragments of male statuettes of charioteers, may be accounted for here by the cult of Virbius, that had been overlaid by the Greek legend of Hippolytus, the favored of Diana. It is manifest that so delirious a devotee of the circus as this Emperor, had natural reason for holding intimate relations with all divinities connected with the steed, and especially as against evil-fortune with it. It was for such a reason, perhaps, that we find him insolently proclaiming his intimacy with Castor and Pollux, the horse-taming sons of Leda and Jove, and exposing himself nude, between their statues in the Forum, in order (it was averred) to obtain a share of their worship. It is manifest the terra-cotta statuettes were "votive."

But let us return to Caligula's other passion: that for water, and the things of the water. It was probably on the occasion of his visit to Syracuse, where he exhibited Grecian games, that he first learned about a celebrated galley once made there, by Archimedes, for Hiero to present to Ptolemy, king of Egypt. This amazing vessel obviously amounted to a magnificent floating villa; for besides containing a banqueting hall, a library, a temple, and baths, it was adorned with trees, flowers, and fountains, and a piscina. It thus surpassed in its enchantments the Atlantic triumphs of our own day.

Let us recall what Suetonius says further of this extraordinary Emperor:

> He built two galleys having ten banks of oars; the poops of which blazed with jewels, while the sails were parti-colored. These were fitted up with ample baths, galleries, and saloons, and supplied with a great variety of vines and growing fruit trees. In one of these he would sail in the daytime along the coast of Campania, feasting amidst dancing and concerts of music. In building his palaces and villas there was nothing he so much desired to effect as what was considered impossible.[9]

Now, if he built such amazing galleys, like that of Hiero, for the coast of Campania, mad as such a feat undoubtedly was—to do the like on a little deeply-shut-in lake, like this of Nemi, was surely even more crazy. But here, precisely at this northern end of the lake, there are lying at this moment, at right angles to one another, two galleys such as Suetonius has described, and although they have been locally known for many centuries as belonging to Tiberius, recent research beneath the water has succeeded in appropriating them to their real constructor. For, on several lengths of leaden piping laid for the purpose of supplying water in and about these huge galleys, and which have been brought up by the divers, the inscriptions read: "Gaii Cæsaris Augusti Germanici"; therefore, unquestionably, they pertain to the son of Germanicus, otherwise to Caligula, and so they must be dated between the years A.D. 37 and A.D. 41. These pipes measure nine inches in diameter (fifteen centimetres). This date has been further corroborated by the discovery of tiles bearing the name of Marcus Fulvius Zosimus, which occurs in other imperial structures of that period. Further, the exquisitely realistic sculptures in bronze[10] found among the fittings of the sunken ships only serve to amplify the assurance as to the period to which they belong. Among these occurs an arm and hand slightly archaic, having very square finger-nails.

This brings us to the story of archæological research relating to the sub-

[9] All now placed on view in the Museo Nazionale, at Rome.

[10] Suetonius, "Caligula," xxxvii.

ject, and this (it is well known) commences with the fifteenth century. About the year 1435 Cardinal Prospero Colonna, the then owner of the castles of Genzano and Nemi, the two villages overlooking the lake from the lofty ridge of its crater, having learned that the fishermen not infrequently drew ashore in their nets objects of wood and bronze which evidently belonged to sunken structures, began to inquire how it could be that such should have been constructed there, in a small inland lake surrounded by really high mountains. His curiosity led him to desire closer acquaintance with the strange but undoubted facts. To this end he communicated with Leon Battista Alberti, the celebrated architect of Rimini Cathedral. The latter entered enthusiastically into the subject, and presently devised some large rafts laid upon quantities of barrels, capable of sustaining cranes and great windlasses with which he presently proposed to raise the imagined vessel. He then procured from Genoa expert divers who should descend for him into the lake to ascertain the proportions, and to attach four-pronged anchors and ropes, so as to draw it to land.

One result of this bold experiment was to break off, in the effort, a portion of the stem of the vessel. The operation caused so great a sensation in Rome that crowds of eager folk, including grand ladies of the Pontifical Court, came out of the city in order to inspect the objects discovered, and to carry off mementoes. Among these of course were beautiful marbles, plates of lead, and portions of the pipes before-mentioned, together with magnificent bronze nails—some even a cubit in length! Flavio Biondo, a contemporary, in his *Italia Illustrata*, relates that the wood of which the vessel was constructed was recognized by Alberti to be larch, or "larice." We today are enabled to corroborate a curious detail—that externally the vessels were coated with lead, covering a stiff lining of woollen-cloth padding fastened in with bronze studs. The wonderment, however, lasted but a little time. The expense prevented further work.

The operations were, in fact, suspended until 1535, or a century later, when another architect and military engineer, Francesco de' Marchi of Bologna, was called in to try new experiments for raising the obdurate vessel. He tells us:

I have seen and touched it with my hands, so I will speak something of that which I know. The ship lies sloping in the lake and near to the shore which looks eastward. Master Guglielmo da Lorena made a contrivance by which he entered the water and made himself descend to the bottom of the lake; and there he remained an hour, more or less, just as he wished, until the cold drove him up again. With this contrivance of his, one can work, sawing, cutting, corking-up, tying ropes; one can also operate with hammers, chisels, pincers and other such tools, though one can use but little force because of the hindrance of the water. When the sun is shining one can see not a little, as when I was there on July 15th, 1535. One views (the object) through a crystal window of about the size of one's palm; and everything seen through it, however small, appears large; much larger than it really is. I say that the fishes called "Laterini" in this lake, which are no bigger than the smallest finger of one's hand, look as fat as a man's arm and as long as three palms. And had I not known about these fishes I should have been much alarmed, owing to their multitudes. For I carried with me four ounces of bread and one ounce of cheese to eat; and the bread being dry it crumbled; wherefore the fishes came around me in vast numbers, and being without my garments they began to prick me. I drove them away with my hands; but they didn't mind that, feeling that they were in their own

house, as it were. I caught one, which seemed quite large; but it proved to be no fatter than my second finger. I carried it above with me, thinking it might weigh thirty ounces, but it proved to weigh no more than twelve. The reason I had no garments on was because in the days of my former master, Duke Alessandro de' Medici, one of the fishermen in the Arno went to fish with his hands and dived beneath the river. There he got caught in the branches of a sunken tree and was drowned. This was my reason. Master Guglielmo wished me to stop up my ears with cotton, musk, &c. But this I forbore to do, lest I should not hear if called. And, although I was not deeper below the water than six "Canne Romane," and was called at many times at the top of the voice, I failed to hear and yet I heard well enough the sound of two stones when struck together below the water at half-arm's length, and further. I staid half an hour down there the first time.

He goes on to describe how his nose began to bleed and also his mouth and ears, and he had to give a sign to his comrades to draw him up. He presently plunged in, he says, for a swim, and the bleeding ceased. When next he went down he attached ropes to the wreck and enough of it to load two stout mules was drawn up by the windless working on the raft above. The wood now proved to be of three species, larch, pine, and cypress; while the pegs were of oak. He found many bronze nails as fresh as if made yesterday. These, he says, fastened the plates of lead on the exterior. There was also a lining of linen between the lead and the timber. Within the ship were pavements of tiles two feet square (bipedales), also segments of red marble and enamel.

Here were the rooms of the palace which I did not dare to enter, both for fear of losing myself and also on account of the machine within which I was, which if a man did not keep it upright, he would suddenly be drowned by the water coming in; though one who knew how to swim might save himself by quitting the machine. Master Guglielmo said that there were beams of bronze down there; but I did not see them. We found anchors which had been used in operations in the time of Flavio Biondo. Measuring the ship we found it in length seventy canne,[11] and in width thirty canne, the height from keel to deck eight canne. All my measurements and relics, however, were robbed from me by certain ones who hoped to discover in the material something about the make of this ingenious instrument of Master Guglielmo. But they found nothing; and I have sworn on the Sacrament not to divulge the secret while the Master lives. All I know is that this ship is in this lake, and only one particle is wanting to its completeness, and that is wanting because Master Guglielmo took it away.

Various attempts were made once more, in 1827, by one Annesio Fusconi, an engineer, who used Halley's diving-bell; but the results were unsatisfactory. Nibby, the Roman archæologist, was present, and came to the erroneous conclusion, with those who were employed in diving to see the remains, that they must have pertained to a villa which Julius Cæsar is known to have built at Nemi, but which, displeasing him, he destroyed. "He pulled down a villa which he had built from the foundations at Nemi, because it did not exactly suit his taste, although his means were, at the time, but slender."[12]

The real secret of the waters of Nemi, so long and jealously preserved, remained with them until September 1895, when Signor Eliseo Borghi obtained permission from Prince Orsini to employ divers and make fresh research. Guided by the fisherman, Cav.

[11] A canna = 6 feet 5 inches.

[12] Suetonius, "Julius Cæsar," xlvi.

Vittorio Malfatti and two divers soon located the first of two magnificent galleys that lie therein, at a distance sixty-five feet from the shore. It lies at a depth of thirty feet. At right angles to it, some two hundred feet distant, they found a second ship; and besides these there was found a structure resembling a pier or mole.

By attaching long cords with corks to the galleys, the divers gradually sketched out in outlines on the surface the shape of the vessels. The writer can recollect the feeling of awe which thrilled those looking on at the design developing slowly upon the face of the waters, informing us of the peculiar, if not unique, historic wonders below. The length of the first vessel was found to be ninety feet, by twenty-six in the beam. The decks were found to be paven with elaborate mosaic work in porphyry, green serpentine, and "rosso antico," intermingled with richly-colored enamel. The bulwarks are cast in solid bronze once gilded, as traces showed.

From other parts of this vessel nearest the shore, which lies in shallower water than its fellow, the divers brought up the various beautiful sculptures besides quantities of fragments confirmatory to the letter of De' Marchi's description as to the structure and ingenious means employed to keep out leaks. The outer edge of the vessel is covered with cloth smeared with pitch, and over this occur folds of thin sheet-lead doubled over and fastened down upon it with copper nails. It may be verified, when a yet more determined attempt shall be carried out to make the lake yield up bodily its treasure, that these great galleys may have been designed by their megalomaniac builder, Caligula, in imitation of those described in Suetonius as having been used by him along the neighboring Campanian coast, for floating villas; but as to their purpose, it is at least as probable they were connected with the cult and festival of Virbius, representative of Hippolytus, the charioteer, as with those of Diana; were it not that the Ancients, as well as some moderns, have held that there is immediate relationship between the Moon-Goddess and the lunatic. It may thus have been that the Flamen Virbialis had advised the Emperor upon the spot that the "Rex Nemorensis" had enjoyed too long a reign, or had in some way proved tyrannical. This would account for the flippant order of the Emperor that one of his slaves should challenge him, in order to assassinate him and appropriate his office.

The day when these galleys of Caligula shall be brought to land will be veritably a red-letter day in the archæological calendar; but, owing both to their condition and the depth at which they lie, we may well doubt if that can ever take place.

St. Clair Baddeley.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

THE HOMELESSNESS OF JONES.

It is very odd that any one should ever have specially said that an Englishman's house is his castle. For the truth is that an Englishman is almost the only man in Europe whose house is not his castle; it is merely a fort of which he is put in charge by the lord whose vassal he is. The French peasant's house is really his castle; though it is by no means a romantic castle. The Russian peasant's house is practically his castle; though it is sometimes a castle sacked by tyrannic raids. The Spanish peasant's house is his cas-

tle; and is by no means a castle in Spain. Even an Irish peasant's house (under recent and just legislation) is often his castle, if it be only a castle of mud. The one person who, even when he gains profit or security from a house, cannot, as a rule, claim this defiant and chivalric possession of it, is the Englishman. The French or Irish peasant might actually put battlements and a drawbridge on to his cottage if he chose; the Irishman would not do it because he is troubled with a sense of humor; the Frenchman would not do it because it would cost money. But they might if they liked; because they now, nearly all of them, own their own houses. But if the average Englishman tried furtively to stick on battlements or to rig up a drawbridge in the night, he would find his landlord inaccessible to their romantic outline; and even talking in a dreary way about depreciating the property. The average British citizen does not possess his house; the common Englishman cannot play the fool with his house; however much he may play the fool in it.

The Englishman has not a house, let alone a castle; the only question that follows is, does he want one? And the answer is most certainly yes. The common Englishman, if he were making the world to suit himself, would certainly give himself a personal building and habitation standing separate upon a square of earth. In short, he wants a private house, a really private house. I concede at once with enthusiasm that he also wants a public house. I agree that he enjoys all the things that collectivism can give, the public park, the public library, the National Gallery. But no one wants to sleep in the National Gallery. Along with this idea of privacy goes the idea of property; a man cannot really lie down and rest except on six foot of ground to which he has a right. It is useless to discuss this; it is delicate, because it is deep. You can call the sentiment of ownership mystical, if you call the fear of death mystical, or the desire of progeny mystical. All we can say is that if we dig to the bottom of our brains these things are there. The sense of property, for instance, is one of the very first things which children feel to be just. A baby of three can appreciate the ultimate idea that a thing can be sacred to a person and inseparable from him. It may be said that this moral idea they receive from their elders. Perhaps; but the interesting thing is that this moral idea they receive with rapture. They throw themselves into it with an enthusiasm which they do not show for many of the other most important didactic ideals. We find none of that difficulty here which really embarrasses us in explaining to children the social utility of truth or its complicated limitation by courtesy. *Meum* and *Tuum* are to a child as plain as pancakes; he feels that the person can own objects. But if we tried to put it by saying that the animate merely rules the inanimate, even that would not be quite right. Children (and grown-up people too) have in their ownership an obscure idea even of loyalty to the thing. A little boy who has gone to bed without his toy gun does not only feel that he is sad without the gun. He also feels that in some transcendental way the gun will be sad without him. And it is no good calling this fetish-worship and saying that the boy believes the gun to be alive; the boy is not such a fool. He has simply a vague idea that he has left a part of himself somewhere and that part is not doing itself justice. But if any one calls it fetish-worship, it is sufficient to answer that the thing is quite as plain in adults as in infants. The ordinary grown man has a notion of something which is in some dark way due even to the dead

things which he owns. He says, "I owe it to my own roof." He says, "I would not pollute my sword." He talks of the honor of a rock or the reputation of a meadow. But above all he feels it about the holy box in which he lives. Even when he is boasting of his living blood and progeny, he actually prefers to refer to it in terms of bricks and mortar. His proudest name for the Jones family is "The House of Jones."

Now you may say that Jones, the average Englishman, can never get back that plain possession of a plain home. You may say (with some historical plausibility) that he never had it. Certainly he never had it perfectly or for any considerable period; his ownership was always hampered and very frequently disturbed. It would be a tolerable proposition that the Englishman has never owned. But if you fancy that a man cannot bewail the loss of something that he has never had, then you have not begun to be human, or even alive. That is the first and most fascinating difference between man and the beasts, that man is mourning for something which has never been in history, is always remembering something that is not in his experience. If I printed in large letters on a book cover "The Horse without Horns" you would think it an unreasonable expression. If I were to write as a headline "The Fish who lost his Legs" you would consider the phrase for some time with a knitted brow. At last you would point out that no horses have horns and no fishes have legs; so fearlessly do you face the last discoveries of science. But you would not think it odd if I called a book "The Man who lost his Innocence," though, in truth, no men have been innocent in all human history. You would not think it strange to say "The Restless Man," though, indeed, none of our race have ever really rested on this earth. In the same way it is not unnatural to say of a man that he is specially "The Homeless Man"; and it is true to say it of my friend Mr. Jones, the Englishman.

Now we will say that Jones was just about to move with his wife and baby into his little villa, when something suddenly went wrong with the drains; or some rich creditor foreclosed upon the property; or for some other reason he was abruptly kept out of what he already regarded as his own. I can imagine some fine writer who could combine realism with the fantastic, some writer like Mr. H. G. Wells composing a wild and yet most human romance about it. Jones circles hopelessly round his lost house in a nomadic state all his life, going first into the street, then into poor lodgings, then to a too-expensive hotel, then to a middling boarding-house, then to a Rowton House, then to a workhouse; but never losing hope and always expecting to get his luggage into his own home at last. So far the story would be only made out of that plain poetry which is the stuff of our daily life. But the element of the fantastic (and also of the allegorical) would enter into the story through this very odd circumstance; that at every stage of that weary and disjointed waiting, people assured Jones that his uncomfortable and temporary condition was really much better than the home life he was trying to get. When first he was flung out of his new house and had to picnic anyhow in the front garden, the passers-by paused and assured him with public benevolence that he was now back in the splendid struggle with Nature out of which all energies arose. When he paid rent to a savage and miserly landlady, he was informed that this keen economic competition between the landlady and himself was the origin of all national wealth. When he went to the board-

ing-house he was told that in that place the higher vision of brotherhood and sisterhood had superseded the extinct cultus of the family. When he went to the expensive hotel he was told to admire the march of science; and asked if he expected to have fifteen telephones in the hut which he so weakly regretted. And when he went ultimately to the workhouse, was fed by the parish on cocoa and worked for the parish under the threat of flogging, then he was finally assured that he had entered that Socialist state which is the solution of human evils; in which the Social Organism is the only truly living thing. And yet, such is the old-world obstinacy of the Joneses, they still want to get back to their own house.

This is not a farce but a very fair statement of the actual history of the Englishman, especially the English peasant—or what ought to have been the English peasant. His history has been one permanent *pis aller*. And worst of all it has been a *pis aller* offered as perfection. His fate has always been a second best which some fashionable craze assured him was a first best. He was assured that every dreary lodging or desolate club he entered was better than that impossible private house. Age after age the colleges and the instructed classes tried to get the Englishman to be a "contented" and do his duty in that state of life into which it had pleased them to kick him. Age after age they tried (with a tired amiability) not to get Jones what he wanted, but to get Jones to want what he had got. We need not carry too far back this rough historical summary.

For our purpose we may roughly leave out of account the small pagan cities or the clear mediæval theory, in which property had a principle right or wrong; the period of which I am talking begins with the rise of modern civilization. It begins at the Renaissance, that fountain of inspiration and expansion, that fountain of complexity and crime; and in England it begins about the time when William Shakespeare had discovered how to write romantic tragedies and Sir John Hawkins had discovered how to steal niggers.

From that time onward, through the seventeenth century especially and largely through the eighteenth, the real growth in England was the growth of the great landowners. England became decidedly, and as some think incurably, an aristocracy; and undoubtedly produced many great gentlemen who gave glory to their country. But their basis was their territorial wealth. Modern romantic writers are never tired of telling us that being an aristocrat and a gentleman does not depend upon money. But it does; it does quite decisively if we are talking about a whole aristocracy. A lord may be poor, just as a money-lender may go bankrupt. But the primary essence of being a money-lender is having money to lend. And the primary essence of being a lord is being a landlord. I need not retell the tale which is now being slowly and reluctantly told by everybody of the bland and brutal campaign of annexation which for two centuries the English aristocracy waged against the English people, the impudence of illegal fences and the worse impudence of legal ingenuity. The decisions of a thousand J.P.s have been gibbeted in one good English rhyme:

You prosecute the man or woman,
Who steals the goose from off the common;
But leave the larger felon loose
Who steals the common from the goose.

But indeed it is not our point to expatiate on this. Our point is that something soothed the English peas-

antry into a strange submission to their own enslavement. If the great lords stole the common from the goose, he was surely a great goose to stand it. Why did he stand it? He stood it because he was even then told that his despoilers stood for Progress, for patriotic efficiency and for a new order of things. Especially their squires claimed to stand for Protestant England against the Pope, and for Parliament against the King. They consented to be squire-ridden in order not to be priest-ridden; and the "House of Commons" came at last to be a final substitute for every commoner having a house. "How much better," they were told, "to follow the young squire in his protest against Popery and the poisonous Stuarts, than to have a mere private house."

The two great movements that have happened since the Reformation can best be defined as the solemn sanctification of two cardinal sins. The aristocratic movement ultimately amounted to the declaration that pride is not a sin. The Manchester or Commercial movement which followed it amounted to the assertion that avarice is not a sin. It is in this dogma alone that the industrial movement differed from mankind. A French peasant may grab at gold as much as a Birmingham merchant. But when the French peasant wants to worship a saint he does not worship a man who grabbed at gold, but one who flung it away. But the industrial philosophy admired money-grubbing as well as practised it; it called the thing "enterprise" and "self-help." Nations not filled with smoke and certain chemical smells it described as nations in decay. Its offer to the laborers (who ought to have been the peasants) was simply the discipline of hunger and hatred with the chance of being Lord Mayor. All that the Manchester plutocrat did for the Manchester workers (as far as I can make out) was to bang them again and again on the head; and then to look at them admiringly and call them "hard-headed." And if again at this stage the dishoused Jones began to mention a house, he was at once answered, "Is it not better to have even a millionth chance of that marvellous house which Arkwright built than to have a mere private house."

There was a reaction against the Manchester School, especially in its foreign policy; but it did nothing towards getting Jones nearer to his own house. On the contrary, it wanted him to go further away from it. It wanted him to see his real happiness, which was to "colonize." For some time back it had been convenient, for one reason or another, at some periods through over-population, at all periods through territorial tyranny, to send some of our sons to remote continents, especially our prodigal sons. These colonies had also been used as mere rubbish-heaps into which to shoot criminals; but I do not insist upon this idea. As a matter of private conviction I may say that I am sure that something could be done with the man who went to Australia in chains. My difficulty would rather be, what can be done with the man who went to Australia from preference? But this is personal; and not the point. The point is that in this overflow of our population (as accidental as a pot boiling over) the businesslike aristocracy perceived another opportunity of diverting Jones from his foolish original dream. Let him go out and annex the universe; then he would not annex his own house, which was perhaps situated too near to Chatsworth. "Go forth, heroic Jones," cried the landlords reverently, "that little log hut that you will build in the wilds will be far more glorious than any mere private house."

Imperialism in its turn is dying; but

the force which threatens to take its place is like all the rest in this, that it has no good word for Jones' house into which he planned to bring his wife and child long ago. Socialism and the Manchester School are very nearly the same. They are identical in their fundamental conception of daily life. Both imagine that the mass of the people must be submissive wage-earners. Only the Manchester individualist told them to submit to inhuman selfishness; while the Socialist seems to think that they will submit to an inhuman idealism. Both, in short, regard the normal man as an employé. Both forget that over half the planet the average man is an employer; a proud and exacting employer who employs himself. Under Manchester conditions, for instance, Jones has become separated from his wife, for whom he had largely planned the house. She had looked forward perhaps to making the inside of that house her own, to exercising that omnipotence on a small scale which was her privilege against the masculine power on a larger scale. But under the nightmare of Manchester, she has to go and turn a handle that makes cotton while her husband turns another handle that makes jam, neither of them caring in the least whether it makes green fire or crocodiles. Does the Socialist propose to alter this sexual separation or this unmeaning toil? Not at all. The Socialist only says, "Think, my dear Jones, how much better it will be when your wife is a separate citizen like yourself, has a vote and a fixed rate of wages; how much finer that will be than that obstinate fancy of yours about a Private House, which really . . ."

I daresay Jones will submit to this as he has submitted to all the other side-packings of his old and simple desire. The rich kept his house to protect it again Popery, they kept it to employ it for economic progress, they kept it to give him a chance in Tasmania, and they may perhaps continue to keep it in order to construct a collectivist society. Jones, who has asked for so little and has been offered so much, who has been offered a new world when he only wanted a very small piece of the old, will perhaps continue to wander hopelessly round the little house he wanted and find all the roads up; and the little lanterns burning on the barricades like the burning swords that prevent a return to Paradise. When Socialism has been succeeded by some other fad of the universities, I suppose Jones will still be hanging about, wondering when he will be allowed to finish his honeymoon.

G. K. Chesterton.

The English Review.

WHEN DOG EATS DOG.

By "Ole Luk-Oie."

"Haven't you got a chock or some ends, sergeant?"

"No, no a bittock. I ha'e ma orrders and you ha'e yours."

"But, quartermaster-sergeant, we have no fuel at all now. 'Twas Sergeant Jones himself told us to ask if you couldn't spare us an old sleeper?"

"I ken fine whae sent you here. Fuel or no fuel, ye'll just have to lump it."

"But Sergeant Jones——"

"Awa' wi' you and yer Sergeant Jones! He kens aboot the poseetion of affairs as well as I do masel'. Oot ye gang: I canna ha'e ye speirin' aboot all the mornin'. How many times d'ye need telling? Bring in a requiseetion

signed by the captain and ye'll get as much as he chooses to vouch for. Oot you get, a' the lot o' ye; I won't have you sappers prowling round my yarrd."

Three scarecrows in khaki shambled away from the railway storekeeper's office grumbling. The storekeeper was quite correct: they were on the prowl, and what they were prowling for was wood or anything else which would burn.

The office was a cosy corner between three stacks of sleepers some eight feet high, over which a railway tarpaulin was stretched. The 'paulin was spoil of war, and had painted on it, in letters eighteen inches high, O. V. S., which stood for "Oranje Vrijstaat Spoorweg." The lettering came at the back behind the packing-case table, and the "O" and the "S" were just visible on each side of the head of Quartermaster-Sergeant John M'Gowan as he sat on his drum of paint. This office was M'Gowan's sanctum, in which he kept all his records, ledgers, vouchers, and small stores. It smelt horribly of red-lead, tarpaulin, and creosoted sleepers, but after all, this was a clean, almost an antiseptic, odor, suggestive of sea breezes, blue water, and Home, far pleasanter and more healthy than any of the hundred and one other smells which assailed the nostril in the pestilential camp. Also there was shade in here from the South African sun and an absence of that almost continuous swirl of dust which reigned all round outside. Over the field of mealie stalks in which the office stood the dust-devils eddied orange-red charged with mealie-straw particles of forage; and farther down the river-bed they were white and gray, loaded with ashes and still worse. Though there were no actual dust-clouds in the office, yet the wind took its revenge on the sacrilegious sapper who had dared to create a haven of rest in its own devil's playground. It would wait until a sufficient charge had collected in the creases of the tarpaulin or in the interstices between the sleepers, and then, with an extra effort, flap would go the tarpaulin, and "pouf!" a concentrated shower of grit and sand would fill the hair and eyes of the enemy or pour down his neck. Yes, there were drawbacks even in this comfortable spot, but the occupant did not much mind.

He was a tough specimen of the old school, and was not easily put out or upon. In his own noble corps he was admitted to be a hard case—generally expressed in soldier circles by saying that it would be a very small animal that could make a living off John M'Gowan. He gave and demanded nothing for nothing, and a bawbee to him was capital. As he sat there, making out lists in duplicate, triplicate, or quadruplicate, among the countless issue and receipt vouchers and requisition forms hung upon wires or weighted under spanners and various tools, he was in his element. With grizzled hair and stubbly chin, and with pockets of dust collected beneath his eyes and in every wrinkle of his face, he appeared almost entirely drab. One exception was his mouth, which, sad to confess, was stained with tobacco-juice, for he had again taken to a long discarded and somewhat unpleasant habit. Tobacco was scarce and smoking was not an economical method of using it, besides necessitating matches. His very teeth were now quite brown. One of them was missing, and the gap did not add to John's personal appearance, though it had its conveniences to a man addicted to chewing. There were also several splashes of a brilliant purple on his hands and face, for everything had to be written in indelible pencil, and the weather was hot. Had the odor of creosote been at all suggestive of incense, the worthy quartermaster-

sergeant might, with his gray face, stained mouth, and purple spots, have been taken for an idol in its shrine.

While the three sappers slouched away discontentedly past the stacks of sleepers and other stores surrounded by barbed wire, John sat on sweating and checking vouchers. He took turn and turn about with a hapless corporal in what he termed "calling over." This consisted in interminable lists of stores being read aloud by one and ticked off by the other. During the storekeeper's turn of intoning, his suffering subordinate was almost maddened by the dreary sing-song voice which ended each item in a whine. The wind howled over the ashpit of a river-bed, the grit rattled on the roof, an occasional dust geyser smote him fairly in the eyes or neck, and hundreds of nasty-looking flies played a furious game of "touch last" among the purple spots on his forehead, but John did not stop. He prided himself on the fact that nothing left him that had not been read over at least once. Best of noncoms., prince of store-keepers, what mattered to him the destruction of a force as compared with the deficiency of a bolt?

Meanwhile the three sappers slunk away over to the other side of the railway line. They belonged to the relief then off duty, and the urgency of their need was proved by their wasting valuable spare time in trying to wheedle timber out of Quartermaster-Sergeant M'Gowan instead of resting.

"It's like trying to squeeze blood out of a blooming stone!" said one as they reached the "cookhouse"—two lengths of rail just raised off the ground. There were several camp-kettles about, but only one actually on the rails; underneath this a struggling spark of fire was being kept alive by the unremitting attention of the cook, who, sprawling on all fours, with blackened face about three inches from the kettle, blew hard and teased the smouldering rubbish with a piece of wire. He was no philosopher this black-faced sapper, and no believer in the economics of force or the conservation of energy, for he expended as much breath and effort in swearing between his blasts as he did in blowing. He looked up at the three unsuccessful foragers. As he wiped his streaming eyes with a piece of gray material, possibly handkerchief, probably waste, his attitude was one of not too sanguine inquiry.

The leader of the three only shook his head, it was too sickening for words, but the man behind him made the result of the mission beyond possible error. He snarled:

"No, not a n'end, not a n'arf, not a n'andful of blooming sawdust."

The cook knelt up. Its appearance proved how difficult a task it is to blacken the face nicely when the eyes are streaming. Then he spoke:

"Quartermaster-Sergeant M'Gowan is the———" But his description was cut short by the arrival of the remainder of the mess.

"Wot? Dinner not up?"

"Naao! and you'll get nothing 'ot but your corfy to-day, and that won't be 'ot!"

"Wot? Cold bully again?"

"Yes." He got up and looked in the kettles off the fire. "We drew as nice a fresh joint of trek-ox as ever I seen on this campaign this mornin; but—what's the good without a fire?"

There was a look of dismay. It was a stifling day in spite of the wind,—a day when one might have thought that a dainty cold lunch of a slice off the breast and some salad, with a glass of white wine, would have been infinitely preferable to a heavy hot meal. But these tired and hungry men did not want to toy with a light luncheon: this was their principal—their only solid meal. Besides, they were going to get no slices off the breast or salad. They

were going to get tinny, stringy bully-beef, such as they had eaten for weeks, and, ah! the charm of a hot meal after a prolonged course of cold bully. Moreover, they were not going to get white wine or anything cold; they were going to drink a hot or warmish liquid,—not, perhaps, the ideal beverage for the climate—but to drink the unboiled water of the river was too much even for the unimaginative British soldier. There had been some fighting near the bridge a few days before, and the sickly sweet odor wafted up from the river-bed even as far as this spot, and the clouds of flies hovering in spite of the wind, told their tale of dead animals. Soldiers are not such fools as they are sometimes made out, and they preferred their warm reputed coffee, hot though the weather was, to water from the sparkling brook. The quite excusable look of dismay on the faces of the last-comers irritated the lachrymose *chef*.

"Wot's the good of looking reproachful at me? It's that blooming psalm-singing, tobacco-chewing, voucher-snatching old image sitting there so snug under his 'paulin that you've got to blame. If you want hot joints, if you want veg', arsk him! He's got the fuel—mountings of it—all creosoted ready to burn. If any of you had the pluck of a louse you would 'ave pinched some of them sleepers long ago, and would not look so bloomin' glum cos I can't do you a chump chop off the silver-grill with me bit of rail and me cow-dung and dust fire!" He sniffed as he finished his speech, and rubbed the tip of his nose almost round to a right-angle with the back of his hand. "I'm fed up!"

"Oh, all right, cookie; we're not blaming you!" said the man addressed, in a tone of mollification. "It ain't your fault, we know."

There was silence for some time as the bully and biscuit was shared out and eaten. They ate and drank moodily and sparingly; they had been hard at work all the morning since dawn and were uncommunicative. After the meal was over they congregated in the shade under the long line of loaded trucks in the siding and smoked. Some lit half-smoked pipes, others produced bits of cigarette, a few actually filled their pipes afresh.

"Here you are, cookie," and a whole unbent cigarette was tossed to him. For a few moments all was peace, and one or two men put their hats over their eyes and dozed. A ruminative voice from under a hat broke the silence.

"Yes, he's a tough nut and no error, is old John. Must save the British Government millions of money—that class of man. We'll do him in yet though, somehow, or my name's not Thomas Arthur Eden. Why, he has sleepers enough to relay the whole line from Cape Town. But he's a careful man; won't even help his own corps. Heard what he did at home in camp last year?"

There was a sleepy chorus of negatives.

The speaker sat up. "We used to go down to camp every summer, and M'Gowan was quartermaster-sergeant in charge of camp stores, drew 'em, issued 'em, cleaned up when we left, and all that. Well, we used to leave a lot of heavy stuff down there every year instead of carting it away—standing camp, you know. The cooking-stoves and such like were stored in a tin hut and locked up. So afraid was old M'Gowan that village children might come and steal his blooming stoves—all covered with tallow and whitening and weighing all of half a ton each—that he wasn't satisfied with locking the doors of the store. He puts bars to the windows, wedges and screws up the door every year.

"Last year he was ordered away, and

didn't go down to take over his own stores as usual. The party as went down had a fine benefit of it. When they arrived at the camp they couldn't get into the blessed hut at all. If you believe me, not only had old John wedged and screwed up the door with coach-screws, he had countersunk the screws, puttied the holes and painted over the putty!"

There was a roar of laughter.

"Yes, and we had to cut our way into the shed through the corrugated iron! The quarter-master was not too well pleased. He got properly told off for the delay, and you bet that old John got his bit passed on all right."

"Did they charge him damages?"

"No—I don't think, because the cunning old coon had made a map of the door showing all the screw-holes, and had given this to a corporal who'd lost it. There was not much getting round him. He'd got this plan in duplicate, if you please, and produced the tracing of it initialled by the Major. He's a fair caution."

"'E's bound to be. 'Oo ever met a Mac that wasn't cautious. Why, there's that celebrated cunning man I've 'eard tell of in 'istory—an ambassador or something. 'Is name began with Mac. Wot was it? Mac—Mac—ear—something."

"I know—MacEarvelly."

"That's right—MacEarvelly."

"I thought he was an Eyetalian."

"Eyetalian? Chuck it! Whoever 'eard of an Eyetalian whose name began with Mac? You'll be saying that bagpipes are Dutch or verminsilly's Scotch soon."

There was distinct opposition to the theory of the Italian origin of the author of "The Prince."

"Well, Scotch, Eyetalian, or Chinese, I should like to do the old blighter in—starving his own corps like this. Hullo, here comes Charlie. Wot 'o, Charlie!"

A man in shirt-sleeves, with something under his arm, joined the group. "Wot 'o!" was his reply to the greeting.

"Wot'cher got there?"

"An end."

"How did you get that?"

"Pinched it off No. 3 crib."

"Would 'ave done us a treat for the fire two hours ago," said the cook. 'It'll do for to-morrow."

The man who knew of Machiavelli got up, walked across to Charlie, took the sleeper end, and looked at it impressively.

"'Ere, 'old 'ard," he said, "'*old* 'ard."

"What's up? That's a sleeper end, that is. Never seen before, old son?" There was more laughter, for the impressive manner of examining the block and the tone of voice were hardly warranted.

"That's right. That's a sleeper end—"

"God bless it!" was the interruption. But the impressive man had the centre of the stage, and was not to be put off. He continued solemnly—

"That's a sleeper end right enough, and it's going to breed."

There was silence at this cryptic statement.

"Yes, it is. I've got a plan."

"So's Kroojer. Let's 'ave it."

The mysterious one took his pipe out of his mouth, pressed the dottle down carefully with an empty cartridge-case, replaced the pipe, and proceeded.

"We want fuel, don't we?"

"Yes."

"Wot's the most likely fuel, and the best?"

"Sleepers, of course. Out with it. Get it off your chest."

"Can we get 'em?"

"No. Come orf of it. What are you getting at?"

"Who stops us getting sleepers?"

"Quartermaster-sergeant."

"How?"

"He keeps 'em in stacks, and keeps a careful tally."

"Why can't we pinch one off the top of a stack?"

"'Cos he's arranged them in a pattern, and has got 'is bloomin' masonic marks and check-signs all over the top."

"Right-o! Now—" he waved his pipe in a half circle, and leaning forward lowered his voice to a confidential whisper—"what *I* want to know is? why can't we take one out of the bottom of the stack, eh?"

"You're shooting your mouth off, Bert. Wot, pull out a sleeper with all that weight on top! You're talking out of the back of your neck."

The orator felt behind his collar as if to test the truth of this statement, but really to pause for effect. "Shooting my mouth orf, am I?" He stopped, and a look of immense contempt came over his face as he felt he was again holding his audience. "Are you sappers or blooming gardeners? What 'ave we got jacks for? Wot about 'em 'ydraulic jacks and screwjacks? Wot's the good of being Royal Engineers and supplied with every luxury, eh? Talk of lifting that weight?"—he stopped to expectorate—"why, we could lift ten blooming stacks! You're gardeners, that's what you are; landscape gardeners!"

This insult was too much. While they were swallowing it and cogitating over the hint given to them, the men were silent. It was Sandy who broke the silence: "Mon, Bert, you're a deevil."

"Yes, that's right enough," another added; "but what about old John? He's prowling round all the time."

"The nights are dark, aren't they?"

"Yes; but he prowls a lot at night."

The genius was momentarily stumped, but it was not for long. Again the look of contempt came over his face: "Yes; and what is Sandy here for with the 'To and From' that he found in the farm? It's ordained, I tell you. You know how old John likes music. Wot's the matter with Scotty Sandy and two or three chaps giving him a sing-song every evening to amuse him while the others do their bit with the jack at one of the stacks and pull out a sleeper?"

This clinched matters and there was no reply, until the bugler, a pale youth with many hairy moles on his face, said: "Arf a mo'. That won't help us. It's all very well, but the Q.M.S. will see the hole next morning, and he jolly well knows that it ain't the infantry or cavalry that carries jacks to lift up 'is stacks. He'll bring it 'ome to us sure enough. No, I'm not for it; I ain't forgot what Snobby Jones got lars' week. You know what the Major said yesterday about touching the stores? Not 'arf. I ain't agoin—"

He was constrained to stop by the concentrated look of scorn directed upon him by Bert. The latter looked him up and down and sighed.

"Well, Sprouts, this beats all. We'll 'ave to go back to first principles, as the Major always says before he deals out 168 hours' hard." He stepped towards the end of the sleeper which had been the cause of the discussion and picked is up: "What you think give me the idea? Wot is the key to the whole scheme—why, *this*—look at it; ain't it the same as any other sleeper end? 'Oo's going to tell it's only eighteen inches long? Can't we—?" He stopped; the look of intelligence on the faces of his audience showed him they had arrived. He shrugged his shoulders. "Some people don't know enough to come in out of the rain. Savvy now, eh? This sleeper end is going to produce one sleeper *per diem* so long as we want it!"

But the bugler, "Sprouts," was not so soon demolished. "That's all very well: it sounds easy *for the first time.*

You jacks up the stack, pulls out your sleeper, and puts the end in its place. *So* far, *so* good; but your sleeper end is done. What about the second time and the third and the rest? I don't see where the *per diem* comes in?"

"Love a duck, some people is thick," was the reply. "If you can't see that—perhaps there's others who will explain?"

"Chuck it, Sprouts," volunteered another. "It's all right. 'Aving one sleeper to the good, we can cut the end orf that for the second edition, and so on till Kingdom come. It's the end we 'ave got as does the trick." The speaker turned to his audience: "Bert 'as got a bull's-eye this time. I'm for it. If any one sees a crab let 'im 'ave it out now." He looked around. No one had a "crab," and until the men fell in for the afternoon's work they discussed ways and means. Bert presided at the council of war, as befitted the strategist and thinker.

That night three figures strolled casually up to the Store Office and politely suggested a little music to the overworked occupant. He was nothing loth. Music, especially Scotch airs, was his weakness.

"Aweel, I don't mind a bittie chune for twa-three meenits," he said, coming out of his den and sitting down on a keg. "How's she going yonder!" jerking this thumb over in the direction of the bridge, from which distant hammering could be heard. He rather wondered at the politeness all the same: he was a man who looked for motives.

"None so badly. We've jacked up Number Three, and they're getting the stringers out over Four and Five spans now. The Captain was very pleased with our shift, said we could have any spare bits of stuff lying about, but devil a bit was there!"

The hint did not get a rise.

"Well, what is't to be, quartermaster-sergeant?" said Sandy, as he stretched the "To and From" to full howl and squeezed out a preliminary whine. This instrument was a dilapidated though originally fine German concertina which had been found in a deserted farm. Some stops were missing, and the wind hissed out of the holes in the leather, temporarily patched with pieces of tobacco-pouch and the india-rubber solution carried for important electric work; but it gave forth wheezy music of a sort in its player's skilful hands.

"Gie us 'Annie Laurie,'" said M'Gowan, and "Annie Laurie" it was, the storekeeper joining in the refrain at the end of each verse.

No sooner had the music struck up than a mysterious noise—"Crrrrk—crrrrk—crrrrk"—was heard above the more distant sounds at the bridge. The sappers kicked each other and winked in the darkness. The Q.M.S. made no remark until the last notes of the air had died away in a wheeze. He then said sharply: "What's that leeftin' jack dae'in yonder?"

"What jack, quartermaster-sergeant?" in a surprised tone.

"Mon, d'ye no hear that? There—there!"

"Oh, that! That's no jack: that's Corporal Smith's gang on the ratchet-brace—they're drilling rails."

"Drilling rrails! What gars them drill rrails up here? Gin I were you corrporal I'd wake up the man using a rratchet like yon. It's as slow as—"

"Yes—they're a lazy lot, quartermaster-sergeant," was the reply, as Sandy again burst forth into hasty melody.

Several songs were now sung without a pause. Then silence ensued, and the creaking noise became painfully clear. The storekeeper could not let the subject rest.

"De'il a bit of a rratchet-drill. Yon's a jack!"

"What about that bagpipe thing you

were playing the other night, Sandy?" said one by inspiration.

"Which?" said Sandy.

"You know—you called it a 'Something Rock.'"

"Oo-ay—it's the pibroch you mean."

"That's right, The Peabrock. Give us it. The quartermaster-sergeant hasn't heard that."

Then from the wounded instrument gushed forth the weirdest imitation of the pipes that was ever heard. The drone was a bit jerky as the concertina was pulled in and out, but the chanter was realistic to a degree. The music had the desired effect.

"I mind the last time I heard that," said the victim; "'twas in Glen Tilt, an' the Duke's aen pipers playin'."

"Ay," said Sandy, "I ken Glen Tilt mysel'," and he was just preparing to give reminiscences to any extent when from the other side of the line there rang out distinctly "Ting-Tang-Ting"—three strokes of a hammer on a suspended piece of rail. The creaking had ceased.

"What's yon?" inquired M'Gowan.

"We must go," was the reply; "it's our signal."

"Ye're no for shift to-night?"

"No, but the corporal wants us for a job of work."

"Good-night, quartermaster-sergeant; give you some more to-morrow."

They all got up.

"Good-night."

They were actually leaving without giving the last artistic touch to their *role*. It was the piper who remembered. He turned round: "Ye'll no be hae'in a spare bittock o'—?"

"No, I have not," said the irate M'Gowan. He now saw the motive for all this excessive politeness, and was vexed at having unbent as far as he had—it was only to get something out of him; but he certainly would have missed this daily, almost hourly question.

The sappers nudged each other as they went off. With another resigned "Good-night" they vanished silent-footed over the soft sand, while the concertina insulted the night with imitations of a donkey's braying. The storekeeper turned into his den, and lighting a very dirty piece of candle started poring over his ledgers again.

Two hundred yards away a couple of men were frantically sawing a two-foot length off a hardwood sleeper. When the minstrels returned this had been sawn off and was being buried, and the rest of the timber was being split up. The only man who was doing no actual work was Bert.

"Did 'e guess?" asked the latter.

"Not 'e. 'E 'eard the noise all right, but we 'eaded 'im orf. Kidded 'im it was a ratchet-drill! 'E thinks 'e knows why we give 'im the music; thinks we want to suck up to 'im for timber, and 'e's 'uggin' 'imself at seein' through us!"

There was subdued laughter.

"So long as 'e's got something to think 'e's cute over 'e won't trouble us," replied Bert. "Let 'im 'ug 'imself! But we must muffle that jack to-morrow with a bit of sacking. It was no more like a ratchet than I am."

For the remaining days of their stay at this spot the squad ate hot dinners, in the gaining of which all lent a hand except the strategist. As he would say in a self-satisfied tone when urged to do his bit with the rest—

"Me 'elp? Not much! 'Oo 'ave you got to thank for this, eh? Them as 'as brains hasn't got to do manewal labor. *You* work with yer 'ands: I work with me 'ead. *I* organize: *I* command: *you* carry out—I'm the MacEarvelly of this little lot! I do what we call staffwork in the army. That's about the size of it, old pals, see? Wot'o!"

. . . . . .

The construction train had puffed away to other scenes of wreckage, and

in it this particular squad with its MacEarvelly, its black-faced *chef*, and its "To and From." The storekeeper's little home was demolished, and all the stuff was being loaded into a long line of trucks by gangs of noisy Kaffirs. Close to a fast-vanishing pile of sleepers which had got down to its bottom layer stood Quartermaster-Sergeant John M'Gowan, Royal Engineers. He was looking at a gap in the bottom of the stack—a gap now as visible as that in his own teeth. He kicked a short end of sleeper out of its place at the edge of the pile, picked it up and looked at the fresh saw-cut, scratching his damp head absently with the business end of the indelible pencil.

"The deevils," he murmured, "the pairfect deevils wi' their rratchet-brace and their music and what not. Royal Horrse, Royal Field, and all Arrtillery, Cavalry, Infantry, and Deparrtments, I can haud ma' ain wi' them a' but the Lord presairve me from ma' ain corrps, —and Jarrah sleepers at top prrices, too!"

He turned away sadly. He had not gone ten paces before he chuckled: "Whae's like us! God bless us!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

MR. TAFT.

If one had been asked to choose the most suitable temperament and character for Mr. Roosevelt's successor, one would have chosen just such qualities of mind and heart as are said to belong to Mr. Taft. He is Mr. Roosevelt's complement. He has all Mr. Roosevelt's ideals, but he has also the business "touch," the air of quietness and reasonableness which will prevent Wall Street from flying into panics. If he lets commercial tricksters know that he is on their tracks, and will surely bring them to book, he will also convey to those who are not tricksters that they will never be mistaken for them. They will run no risk of being involved in a common fate with the managers of illicit corporations who have evaded the law, and escaped with the bags of gold time after time. If Mr. Roosevelt went out of office like a lion—the blizzard accompanying the scene with tremendous portents—Mr. Taft, outwardly at least, comes in like a lamb. Perhaps no head of a State has ever started on his career with such a volume of gentle goodwill and confidence in his character as Mr. Taft has behind him now. If Mr. Roosevelt's gospel of commercial regeneration is to be fulfilled, as we believe it will be, and as it deserves to be, Mr. Taft is necessary to the work, and would have to be invented if he did not exist. "My problems are moral problems," Mr. Roosevelt said once. He was a preacher, with a Knoxian passion and fearlessness. If he were a perfect man, he might, of course, have joined quiet reconstructive abilities to the fine frenzy with which he pressed on America the need for reforming herself. To say that he did not possess those qualities is really a miserable criticism of a remarkable Presidency. Even if he had had them, he would not have had time to exercise them. His business was to rouse his countrymen to the recognition of practices among them which were unworthy of them and which all good Americans detest. Yet even good men acquiesce in what they dislike. That is common experience all the world over. Mr. Roosevelt preached that acquiescence was not only ignoble, but was not even inevitable. If his resolve to provoke action had not been a preoccupation, he would not have

been so eminent a provoker. As it was, he did succeed in bestirring the whole country. He was so successful that his political opponents stole his thunder. And as for his manner of preaching, he might have said with Mrs. Gamp: "If I call 'em names, it's only to rouge 'em."

Mr. Taft faces a "rouged" country which looks to him to direct its regeneration, and the foreign spectator turns to Mr. Taft's career to see how he is likely to perform the task. It has been a creditable career from the beginning. Mr. Taft is one of those rare American politicians who guide themselves by principle and not by opportunity; and this was true of him long before he came into contact with Mr. Roosevelt. On the walls at Herculaneum there is an ancient election announcement which says: "Vote for Proclinius to-day and he will vote for you to-morrow." The words might stand as the permanent model of a poster for all who ask themselves how their programmes will serve their own advancement instead of how they will serve the interests of the country. Mr. Taft, so far as we have been able to discover, has always taken a disinterested line—has done just what he believed to be right, in fact—and let the results look after themselves. The writer of a letter in the *Times* recently gave an example. When Mr. Taft was Judge of the United States Circuit Court he granted an injunction against some railway strikers, and warned the rioters that all the power of the United States would be used, if necessary, to protect the servants and property of the railway. Three years ago, when Mr. Taft's name was mentioned as a candidate for the Presidency, he recalled this episode and said:—"That was not the only case in which I had to deal judicially with strikers. They threatened violence then. They have never forgiven me, they never will forgive me. I am an impossible candidate." We do not know the details of the strike, and cannot say whether we should agree with Mr. Taft in what he did, though we gather that we should. But the point is that Mr. Taft did what he believed was right regardless of the effects on his career. He supposed that he was rendered so unpopular among the representatives of Labor that he could not hope to gain a high office. Happily he was wrong, and, as so often happens, honesty turned out to be the best policy from every point of view. The most astonishing revulsions of fortune sometimes come to the rescue of the disinterested and abash the opportunist. An American who has "antagonized the machine" is supposed to have forfeited all chances of success, but we know of cases besides Mr. Taft's in which the honest man has been superior to the machine. Mr. Taft's ambitions from his youth upwards were legal, and he turned to other labors, not because he liked them—he would rather have risen to the Supreme Court—but because he was called to them. It has been said that all work worth doing is slightly unpleasant; and if that be not true, at least Mr. Taft's arrival at the Presidency is one more proof that an honest man may get many more honors than he aims at. Before he was thirty-one Mr. Taft was a Judge of his native State, Ohio, and when he was thirty-four he became Solicitor-General to the Federal Government. Appointments as a Circuit Judge and as a Session Judge in an Appellate Court followed. It was in 1900 that the course of his life was changed. He was asked to administer the Philippines, and in those days administration meant, above all, pacification. As Civil Governor of the islands, he set up an entirely new organization, and his policy of "attraction" was a surprising success. Mr. Taft has a famous smile.

We have not seen it, but we imagine that it is an expansive and encompassing smile, and that, like the smile of the Cheshire Cat, it remains when Mr. Taft is no longer there. At any rate, it is the symbol of the suave and sympathetic quietness which covers Mr. Taft's firmness. In 1904 he became Secretary of War, and he held that office till he became the Republican candidate for the Presidency. As War Secretary he had to do with all those dependencies and external problems which the "manifest destiny" of the United States has forced upon her, and there is probably not one country or one problem which has not profited by his wisdom.

Mr. Taft is obviously not a simulacrum of Mr. Roosevelt. He has always acted "on his own," as the writer in the *Times* tells us, from the time when he was at Yale. He has the appearance of a giant, but he also has the strength which giants often have not, and he used it in his University days, when it was the custom of the Sophomores to treat the freshmen a little roughly. It was their arrogant habit to elbow freshmen into the gutter, but Mr. Taft threw an offending Sophomore over his shoulder, and "from that time nobody molested the Ohio freshman." As a statesman, we learn, Mr. Taft is marked by "a power of immediate concentration." From the smile to the middle of things is a quick transition. He allows his interlocutor to state his case up to a certain point, and then a terribly (or agreeably) relevant question smashes it or renders it invincible. The visitor who would argue after that "becomes aware that the door is open." Mr. Taft thinks quickly and speaks slowly. Probably the length of his inaugural address was an index of his method. Like a plain, sensible man of business, he wrote out the details of his plans. He would have mistrusted generalities when the whole question for America was, not what she was going to do, but how she was going to do it. These are not the days of Lincoln, in whose mouth a short inaugural address was so perfect that it will haunt the ears of Americans for ever. Mr. Taft is a conservative force, and he knows that though there may be no harm in fluttering Wall Street operators, their trepidations may do much harm to their country. Mr. Taft's business is to disseminate confidence. If he is without eloquence or subtlety, we do not regret these omissions from his equipment. Both may be snares. The critic who has all the marks of intellectual distinction is frequently an indifferent organizer. He may despise the plain man; but the plain man may pull things straight while his critic would be as helpless as a child. With Mr. Taft the *suaviter in modo* is attested by the smile that is said to have impressed the Pope, and the *fortiter in re* by the various products of his resolution.

The Spectator.

SIC NOS NON NOBIS.

[To an old friend, these reflections of middle-age on the making of forests for the benefit of posterity.]

Ah! how often you and I, my Gerald,
Taking count of Time's appalling pace,
Watching those insidious signs that herald
Chronic apathy of form and face;

Noting how our legs are not so lissome
Nor our waists so waspish as of old,
And the joys of youth how much we miss 'em,
Vanished like the Age of Gold;—

When, amid a younger race that hustles
We are hampered by rheumatic pains,
Or remark a looseness in our muscles
And a touch of torpor in our brains;—
We have sucked a coward's consolation
From the thought that, when the final blow
Falls, as threatened, on the British nation,
We shall not be there to know.

"If," we say, "for but a few more lustres
She can still contrive to rule the wave,
Still to 'worry through' against the thrusters
Who design for her a watery grave,
We shall see no Teuton missiles raining
On our disillusioned flank and rear,
While the Territorials go in training
Just too late by half a year."

Other little things at present dim in
Shadows where the Future plies its loom—
Government by Socialists and Women,
With the Second Chamber blown to Doom—
When we contemplate these fearsome bogies
Hovering in the distance, "Ha!" we say,
"Not in *our* time; not for us old fogies;
We shall then have had our day."

Yet a boon there is I fain would borrow
From the far years where it lies in store:
When the saplings which we plant to-morrow
Spread their shade about the forest floor,
When, with lattice-work of leaves above her,
And the song of birds in woodland air,
Every lass goes Maying with her lover,
I could wish we might be there.

But, when back again from out waste places
Merrie England plucks her childhood's hours,
Not for us will they, the linkèd Graces,
Lead their pageantry in Summer bowers;
Not for us the flame of Autumn's dying,
Nor the loveliness of Spring's new birth;
You and I, my friend, will then be lying
Very quiet under earth.

Owen Seaman.

Punch.

A RUSTIC MEMOIR.

Our mid-Essex village life is the poorer by the death of one of our oldest people, a fine old laborer, full of rustic wisdom and quaint sayings, a mine of information on ancient village matters. Unspoilt by modern scrupulosity and political trickery, to him a spade was a spade, and even a louse a louse. Let an ambitious public house take, if it would, the sign of "The Butcher's Arms"; to him it was still "The Knife and Cleaver." The modern Isolation Hospital was still to him the Pest'us.

The old man was eighty-five, and had been bed-ridden for nearly three years and a half. He died painlessly of sheer senile failure. "There ain't nothin' the matter a me," was his usual reply to one's enquiry; "cep as I ain't got no stren'th in my legs." "Don't you bring me none o' them fancy things," I heard him say lately to his daughter; "gimme a bit o' bread and cheese and a onion." Though his legs refused to support him, they were of use in one way. He maintained that by their aches he could always tell when rain was coming. I asked him once if he had foretold a recent rain. "Yes," he said, "my leg ached for a week more'n that ever did afore." I suggested that he might advertise it as a barometer. "Ah," he said, "count that wouldn't do it then."

He was full of old memories of the parish seventy and more years ago. The village workhouse (the building still stands, and is now a four-tenement cottage) "that was looked after by a woman." "The matron, I suppose," I said. "No, she warn't called that; 'twas a woman." In answer to a later question he referred to this lady as "What you called the pomatum." The inmates lived in a big room down-stairs. "Sleepin'? I suppose there was charmbers upstairs. I never was upstairs. Cookin'? There warn't much o' that; bread and cheese was all they had, and a basin o' broth once a week. There was room for twelve, and I rec'lect once seven young men in the same time. Work? There warn't none to do, 'ceppin' a job now and then in the garden. How were they admitted? Why, the overseers done all that and let 'em out."

Talking about the difficulty of travel and of getting provisions in those days, he would allow no grumbling at modern roads. "Why," he said, "I remember when Muster F—— used to ride his donkey here from Tumborough, he could touch the quarters anywhere with his fit. What are the quarters? Why, the quarters o' the roads, alongside the rakes. The rakes? Why, the places where the wheels go; ruts you call 'em. Carriers? There warn't none, 'ceppin' J—— used to go to Lunnon and come back Sad'days with things for the shop. Sometimes when he come late Sad'day night, they used to open the shop Sunday mornin' to store the things, till the parish stopped 'em." I could not get much explanation of this drastic discipline, but he added, "Why, if a man was drivin' here Sad'day night, and didn't get here afore eight Sunday mornin', he dussn't come into the parish."

I made a remark one day on a recent flood. Mention of floods always brought out this story. "Floods! I rec'lect when Muster M—— sent me with some hogs to Aleford—I only got sixpence for the job—when I got to Fish's Green, I thought I never should a got through; the water was over the hoss's back, so's he had to swim. I'll never do it n'more." (He was eighty-five when he last told me this story.) "I

thought I never should a got out, till I felt his fit a-scrappin' on the bottom. I'll never do it n'more. When I got to Aleford my tooth did ache. I went to the doctor to have it out. That never did come out. I had to stop him pullin'. That hu't me so." Talking of teeth, I told him once that I had had a visit from a man who wanted a will drawn and had told me some stories of the local doctor of sixty years ago, who once "drawed a tooth for him, and there was a wunnerful gret maggot in it." "Ah," said old M——, "that's right enough; I've sin 'em, and plenty; not gret uns, y'know, little tiddy-mites." "What do you think I used to do when my fit was cowd?" he said one day. "Cut 'em with a knife till the blood ran." On further questioning it was explained that this was "to let the chill blood out."

How did he learn to read? "Why, at Sunday-school in the chu'ch in the forenoon afore service. There was a master and mistress, William A—— and his wife, what lived down agin the public. The boys was under the gallery and the girls in the vestry. Were they paid? Yes, think they was; eight'npence a Sunday. What did they larn? Why, readin'; just their A B C and that."

The food he got as a child and long after was much the same as laborers' big families get now, but it lacked the few refinements which modern cheapness allows. "Bread mostly and 'taters, and toppin's dumplin's sometimes. Milk? Couldn't get none. Cheese? P'r'aps half a pound a week atween six. A scrap o' pork now and then." His early wages were, of course, the usual wage of the time: as a boy, a penny a day and a little food; his work "only arrants mostly," but he had to work all day for his penny; as a man, a shilling to eighteenpence a day.

His politics were simple. A Churchman, he held all Dissenters Liberals, and all Liberals Dissenters. "What, the Dissenters got in?" was his question at the last general election.

As may be supposed, he had many archaic and curious words. Reaped was rep, and beat and heated was bet and het; holly was hull; an unmarried lady was missus; freeze was frize, past tense friz. "That friz up in this room properly last night," he would say. "I remember one winter that was mild up to New Christmas, and then at Old Christmas that set in frizin' wunnerful." Of course, houses was housen. A picture was a gay. "Bring me my 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" he said one day; "I think I could read a bit." He was past reading for lack of sight, but the book was brought, a large quarto. "Why, some o' you've bin and tore out some of the gays," was his first remark. Nor was he satisfied though a full-page picture of Moses, after which he most hungered, was shown him. He was a regular churchgoer while he could go, and read his Bible devoutly till sight failed. Afterwards he delighted to hear it read, especially the last discourses of St. John's Gospel. For the Old Testament he had slight regard, except for the Psalms.

Such are a few memories of the old man, a type which I fear is passing away; and a sore loss it will be to our rustic community if it does pass—a brave, tough type, strong and healthy for all its early privations and a hard trying life, and a good type, hearty, honest, friendly, courteous. A tough type, indeed. One day last February, a sickly time hereabouts, I made a special round of visits to most of our oldest people. Of fifteen, whose ages ranged from seventy-nine to eighty-six, ten were out and about after their usual jobs or walks. One couple was eating with vigor and enjoyment a dinner of "pig's pluck." They die hard, but, alas they die!

E. G.

WINTER-SLEEP.

By the Rev. Canon J. Vaughan, M.A.

During the wintry weather such as marked the closing week of last year, when the mercury went down to within a few degrees of zero and a vast snow covered the land, many wild creatures suffered severely. The wild red deer of Exmoor as well as the humble rabbit on the hillside were hard pressed for food and the timid hare was forced to invade gardens and allotment-grounds. But the birds suffered the most.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,

it is possible, as the great poet says, that

Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note;

but the rest of the "tuneful tribe" are silent. They are encountering a hard struggle for existence. Some species suffer indeed more than others, but almost all birds endure dire privation during a prolonged spell of winter weather, and numbers of blackbirds and thrushes, of fieldfares and redwings, perish of starvation.

To the rigorous reign of winter a large number of creatures are, on the other hand, sublimely indifferent. The icy north-east wind may sweep across the frozen land, but they are unconscious of it. Food may be impossible to obtain, but they are wholly indifferent to it. They have adopted a striking and successful device for overcoming the difficulties of existence during the cold months. They are securely asleep in their winter quarters. This method of passing the winter has been adopted by the various tribes of insects, including moths, butterflies, and beetles, by the whole of the British reptiles, and by several species of our indigenous quadrupeds.

Of all the phenomena of natural history there is none stranger than this of winter-sleep. During the period of hibernation the functions of Nature are almost entirely suspended. Respiration is greatly reduced, circulation is extremely slow, sensation is quiescent. In many instances the power of digestion entirely ceases. What the problem of migration is with regard to birds, that is hibernation in respect of reptiles and of certain species of quadrupeds. As autumn advances, late or early according to the nature of the season, all our native reptiles retire to their winter quarters. The common or ringed snake seeks some sheltered and sequestered spot, such as the hollow roots of a decaying tree—a very favorite locality—or beneath the dead leaves and brushwood of a hedgerow, where coiled together with others of its species, it passes the cold season in absolute torpidity. The viper too, like the common snake, usually hibernates in company, and several may sometimes be found entwined together when an old hedgerow is stubbed up in winter time. Similar situations are sought by the humble slow-worm, or blindworm, which, however, with its rounded muzzle and smooth-polished body, will often penetrate some distance into the soft soil before composing itself for its winter's retirement. Frogs and toads, similar as they are in appearance, differ widely in their method of hibernation. The toad chooses for its retreat some sheltered hole in a hedge-bush, or hollow space amongst a heap of stones, while the frog almost invariably hibernates in

the mud at the bottom of ponds. Sometimes when a pond is being cleaned out in winter-time a multitude of these amphibia will be found closely clinging together in one conglomerate mass.

But if it is a matter of wonder that cold-blooded creatures like frogs and lizards, with their tardy circulation and their entire dependence upon external heat to carry on the functions of life, should thus be able to maintain existence for many months in a state of slumber, it is far more surprising in the case of warm-blooded animals. And yet for many of these too—the bats, the squirrel, the dormouse, the hedgehog, the badger—the severest winter has no alarm. Of our native quadrupeds the hibernation of the hedgehog is perhaps the most complete. Unlike the squirrel and the dormouse, it lays up no provision for the cold months. But early in autumn it retires to its warm nest of withered leaves, situate in some sheltered spot, where rolling itself up into a ball it passes the winter season. In one of the Letters of "Rusticus," dated January 17, 1835, the author relates how on a keen, crisp, frosty day in January his little dog "Cap" poked his nose into a deserted rabbit-hole in a bank at Eshing bridge, near Godalming. "After a while," he says, "I heard from the bowels of the earth a yelling that plainly announced the discovery of some phenomenon in natural history. The hole was very large, and the end was filled with leaves; after trying a good many contrivances that did not answer, I hit on one that did, and I hauled up a lump of dried leaves about as big as my head; outside the leaves were loose, further in, close and tight, and after taking off layer upon layer, I felt some sharp instrument run into my hand, and I knew for certain that I had in my hand what I had often longed for, a somnolent hedgehog. I took him home, woke him up with a gentle warmth, and had the intense satisfaction of seeing him wander about a Brussels carpet, with his leafy great-coat on his back, making him look for all the world like some new species of Armadillo. When he had satisfied my curiosity, I had a sackful of dry leaves shot down in a corner of the cellar, and in these I let piggy take out the rest of his nap, of which, as it afterwards appeared, a term of forty-one days was then unexpired."

On warm days in winter the squirrel will awaken for a few hours from its state of slumber, and visit its hoard of food consisting of nuts, acorns, and beech-mast, usually deposited in some secure hiding-place in the near neighborhood of its own retreat. The dormouse will do the same; and sometimes on a mild day, even in January, the pipistrelle or flittermouse, the commonest of our British bats, will be seen hawking for gnats in the winter sunshine. Very curious is the way in which bats compose themselves for their winter-sleep. They retreat, often in considerable numbers, to some retired place, such as the roofs of old houses, church belfries, barns, outhouses, hollow trees or caverns, where they suspend themselves by their hinder claws, hanging head downwards. Large masses will sometimes be found together, clinging not only to walls and rafters, but also to each other. Over four hundred were discovered in the belfry of a Suffolk church last winter. Each species of bat seems to have its own favorite place of hibernation, though oftentime different kinds will be found herding together. The noctule or great bat is a tree-loving species, and likes to take its winter-sleep, which often lasts from the middle of September to the middle of March, in some hollow pollard or yew. The long-eared bat, on the other hand, prefers the roofs of houses; while the little flit-

termouse betakes itself to any convenient situation, the overhanging eaves of houses or the crevice of an old wall.

Thus to the bats, huddled together in the church tower or in the deep recesses of a decayed tree, the bitter cold of winter causes not the slightest inconvenience or distress. Like other hibernating creatures they are in a state of unconscious slumber. The snow may be piled up in heavy drifts along the hedgerows, but underneath, curled up in its mossy nest, the dormouse sleeps in safety. The wind may whistle through the naked branches of the trees, but the squirrel heeds it not. The badger remains in peaceful security in the further recess of its subterranean cavern. The ponds may be frozen over, but the frogs and newts, imbedded in the mud below, are totally unconcerned. What Thomson calls the "Dread Winter" has no terrors for these happy sleepers.

The Outlook.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

T. Fisher Unwin of London announces for early publication a book on "The Panama Canal and Its Makers," by Dr. Vaughan Cornish. It discusses the engineering problems of the work and also the bearing of the canal on the future of the white races in the tropics.

"The Whips of Time," Miss Arabella Kenealy's latest novel, combines the attractions of a detective story with that delicate film of science which gives moral support to readers desirous of thinking that it raises fiction to the grade of instructive reading. Miss Kenealy, happening as a physician to be qualified to compare the two, bends her science into the service of her fiction and thus reveals her estimate of them, and at the same time makes an uncommonly interesting story. She cheats her reader, as the personage who plays chorus is cheated, and leads him to false trails until she is ready to show him the true track of destiny, and meantime his mind is kept in lively action. The personages, subordinated to the plot, are not always perfectly consistent, but taken as a company they rank above the average, and three are excellently drawn. To say which are the best is to tell more of the plot than any reader cares to know in advance but without revealing any secrets it may be said that the grim sisters who watch the doings of the younger folk are as amusing as could be desired. Little, Brown & Co.

To a person entirely unacquainted with the story of Good Friday and Holy Saturday, 1865, Miss Clara E. Laughlin's "The Death of Lincoln" might seem a wonderful revelation; but no one moderately familiar with the many biographies of Lincoln, or with the newspaper accounts of the assassination will find it enlightening. Those who have studied the full records of the military and civil processes by which the assassination was directly and indirectly investigated may go further, and take issue with a few of the direct statements made by the author, although, with one exception they are of no great consequence to any one but herself. The exception is her statement in regard to President Johnson's whereabouts and condition on the night of the assassination. To repeat it here would be to give addi-

tional publicity to a revived slander against the victim of more slanderers than ever fell upon any other American President, but the truth should be remembered. Ex-Governor Farwell of Wisconsin, a man with sufficient wisdom to see that, if the murmurs of conspiracy to assassinate, first set afloat in 1861, had actually been realized, Mr. Johnson would logically be the second victim, being at Ford's theatre on the night of Lincoln's murder, hurried swiftly to the Kirkwood House at which he and the Vice President were fellow boarders, and, bidding the servants guard the doors, hastened to the room in which his friend lay asleep with his door locked, and called to him eagerly and imperatively. His summons brought the sleeper to the door, and on foot, declining a detail from the soldiers sent to guard him, he made his way to the house where the President lay dying, and stayed there to the last. This story is to be found in both the Pitman and the Poore account, and Mr. Farwell engrossed and signed his narrative and gave it to Mr. Johnson after his accession to the Chief Magistracy, and it is difficult to see how it could have been overlooked. If this incident were not worthy of citation for the sake of correcting a gross error, it might very well be quoted as an example of Miss Laughlin's spirit in treating her subject. In manner, she is similarly unfair, erring sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, but seldom content with the judicial attitude. She is not satisfied with naming men according to their official position, or according to their certificates of baptism, or in any simple, straightforward manner, but must needs label them with a phrase irresistibly reminding one of the trademark which Mark Twain noted as common in pictures of saints. Payne, for instance, a tall man with small, dark, vicious eyes, one slightly squinting, hair worn in the approved style of the typical New York and Baltimore ruffian of the day, and the loose-lipped, sulky mouth familiar to prison officials, is endowed with "big blue eyes," and from those eyes he stares at the reader throughout the story, and walks to the scaffold, the "wasted shadow of a splendid young giant with a shock of tawny hair and big blue eyes." These two instances are fair specimens of Miss Laughlin's methods. She has collected some original documents all accessible to an earnest inquirer, some portraits to be found in by no means rare files of contemporary newspapers and in thousands of collections of theatrical photographs, and she has made a striking story, but she has not written history. As for the quality known as atmosphere, perhaps it will be sufficient to say that whensoever she mentions the assassin she awakens the readers consciousness to the century in which he is actually living, by calling him "John Booth," by which name his own family would hardly have known him. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Is the American army in the Philippines, officers, rank, file and camp-followers, directly descended from Uncle Toby's comrades in Flanders? Exactly as Mr. Kipling's Tommies impress one as continuously hovering on the brink of a savage's unconventionality, that American army, as it appears in Mr. Rowland Thomas's "The Little Gods" seems steadily to corruscate in a light blue flame of allusion and reference, to the sulphurous collective and individual deserts and destiny of the entire human race. As Mr. Thomas is otherwise quite in accord with the soldiers of other nations as to the American army, he may be entirely accurate on this point, but his readers, unless case-hardened to profanity, can but wish that he had allowed about

half the oaths in the book to be taken as sworn, and left them unwritten. Further, it might be well to dispense with the prologue and the epilogue in which the author essays a species of writing entirely foreign to his habit of mind. Having said these two things one is at liberty to seek for good words wherewith to express one's conviction that the eleven stories in the volume are eleven masterpieces. The first "Fagan," is one of the very few prize takers in newspaper contests not glaringly unworthy, and not the first and last products of their alleged authors. It is a perfect study of an African savage unchanged by contact with the white man, and even by military discipline from the physically perfect, entirely unintellectual, kindly animal which he was born; a big buffalo, strong, capable of wild fury, but unless crossed, lovable and gentle. The study is not surpassed by anything of its species in American literature. In "God's Little Devils," one finds a portrait worthy to hang beside Mr. Kipling's Kurban Sahib in "A Sahib's War." "The Little Man" is a straightforward and instructive exposition of the feelings of ignorant white men when experience teaches them that the ways of the savage are not, in spite of Sunday-school teaching, such as they can approve or even endure while their ammunition lasts. "A Little Ripple of Patriotism" shows the Irish American private soldier in private action, as good a man as Mulvaney, and "The Superfalous Man" describes his feelings towards the kind ladies whose consciences and inner consciousness teach them more about the army than has been known to any general from Joshua to Grant. "The Valley of Sunshine and Shadow" is a story of Spaniards of that living Spain, in which still lives the spirit of the old Spain that spurned the followers of Mahound from her soil, the Queen camping with the King. "What Okimi Learned" is the ugly tale of one of Stepmother Nippon's poor daughters, pretty, smiling, saddest of earth's creatures. "Where there Is no Turning" is a study of mixed marriages made in the spirit of President Eliot and the statistician. "An Optimist," a true tale of soldierly fortitude is a story to shame all those brave persons who, sitting ten thousand miles in the rear sneer at the man in khaki. In "This Fortune" one meets the American scamp full of perverted ability, a Jack Hamlin transferred from one side of the Pacific to the other and perfectly adapted to his environment, and "McGennis's Promotion" shows the man of the Engineer Corps on duty, multifariously active, resourceful, giving his country thrice and four times his proper toll of work, and refusing to leave it, lest another should do it less ably. It will be seen that these are not tracts written for the Peace Society or for gentle educational journals, but they are stories to make an American proud of his country-men who carry the flag and compel the nations to own it worthy to wave beside any of its elders, howsoever long and bright their histories. Little, Brown & Co.